

Our last issue the following persons have promptly responded to our call for money: Jones and Edmondson, \$2.00; B. F. Jones, Cane Creek, \$1.50; J. D. Bryant, Cane Creek, \$1.50; W. H. Haynie, Cane Creek, \$1.00; Rev. W. A. Williams, Cross Creek, \$1.00; and J. M. Andrews, \$2.00.

Weather quite disagreeable. No mail from Montgomery in 10 days.

Santa Claus has opened a show for the little folks at Miss Kate Crawford's.

The Montgomery correspondent of the Cleburne County Clarion, writes in high terms of the Senate in this District.

Fifteen families from Georgia migrated to Marshall county, State, last week.

Twice this week the hotel of Monticello barely escaped burning.

Wall and look at the 10th. Count Miss Kate Crawford. You also find there a new line of the selling beautiful and cheap.

The North Georgia M. E. Conference is now in session at Rome, Ga.

The North Alabama M. E. Conference will convene on the 15th of this month at Oxford, Ala.

Gen. Wm. H. Forney, our immediate Representative in Congress, left for Washington, D. C., Thursday.

Double Wedding
Married, on the 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. T. Smythe, J. G. Francis to Miss Virginia A. Morris and Mr. T. W. Francis, Jr., to Miss Morris. Attendants Mr. E. G. Caldwell, Miss Nellie Morris, and Mr. E. G. Harris, Jr., and Miss Sallie Sims.

Two lovely sisters, two noble brothers, a union of hands and a union of hearts, happiness ever shed its most radiant beams over this beautiful union, and heart to heart, soul to soul, the harmony of love, may that career which anticipation has so brightly pictured be fully realized, and joy undiminished and unclouded, crown the happy hours of their future destiny.

Some of our subscribers complain they do not receive their papers regularly. This is not our fault. Every man's paper is written upon in this office and we see that they are safely carried to the post office. See your own post masters and instruct them not to hand your papers out to other parties. Sometimes mistakes occur in this way.

What is it that men call for when they have a lame horse? Kendall's Spavin Cure.

We take much pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of H. A. Smith, Rome, Ga., to be held in another column. There is no more reliable house in Rome.

Mr. Smith writes us privately that his stock of Holiday Presents, Novelties, etc., this season surpasses anything he has ever kept in point of interest, beauty and magnitude.

This is saying a great deal for Henry, for he always is ahead of every body in his line. When he says he has a magnificent display of goods calculated to please everybody, it is just that way. We bespeak for him a large share of patronage from this section.

We are much obliged to "Uncle Henry" for the local items from Cross Plains, and hope that he will continue to keep us posted in the local news of the place. Will not some one from Oxford and Alexandria and Anniston furnish us with locals from those places?

Our friend who declared his desire to go to "Abraham's bosom" and came up and paid his subscription, would certainly have succeeded if he had not stopped his paper. That venerable Patriarch will ask him, when he knocks at the door of Paradise, "Why did you stop your paper?" and in his confusion he will have to confess that it was because the editor asked him to pay, and it made him mad. And then will ring out the doleful sentence, "depart."

MARRIED.—At Whites Station near Memphis, Tenn., on Thursday, the 1st of November, by the Rev. Mr. Rowan, W. F. Privett to Miss Octavia Harvey.

We congratulate our young friend and hope that his married life may be one of happiness and joy, and though unacquainted with the fair bride we assure her that her choice was made from one of Calhoun's noblest boys.

We always cheerfully stop a subscriber's paper when he pays up arrears and desires it. But there are a class of men who, if you ask them to pay their subscription, will fly into a passion and order their paper stopped, supposing that in withdrawing their subscription the paper would be obliged to suspend publication. This is always the result of a little narrow mind. The sun will continue to rise and set as usual, and the Republican will continue to make its regular appearance every Saturday as usual, notwithstanding.

We had the pleasure this morning of examining Mrs. King's new stock of Millinery goods. Found Hats of the latest style, elegant little Derby's, Plumes of all colors, Cravat pins, elegant Ribbons, very cheap, and trimming of various kinds. Our lady friends would find it to their interest to call and see for themselves.

On last Friday night a most dreadful murder was committed out at Green Weavers residence, a negro renter on the Pomeroy place, two miles from town. The circumstances were these: Green gave a ball and the negroes from many miles around gathered to make a merry night of it. During the evening, as they were forming upon the floor for a dance, two negroes became involved in a quarrel as to right of places. This was for a time quieted but was renewed by the yard by others and terminated in the death of John Rutledge. He was a most estimable negro and had not participated in the affray. Three of the negroes were arrested and brought to town where a preliminary investigation was held. Joe Matthews, Bob Matthews and Will McChellen were charged with the murder. The greater portion of the week was consumed in the investigation. The dead body was represented by Caldwell, Hanes and Woodward, the State by Solicitor Martin. After a long and stubborn fight on each side, Bob Matthews was released, Will McChellen admitted to bail, and Joe Matthews committed to trial. The evidence showed that Rutledge had in no way participated in the quarrel and it is a matter of conjecture as to why he was the one singled out as the doomed man. We can say nothing of the guilt or innocence of the parties charged and give only the result of the preliminary investigation as stated above.

CROSS PLAINS LOCALS.
DEAR REPUBLICAN.—Permit me to say a few things about our town. At present the streets are very muddy, but it is only the result of incessant rain.

The health of our town is good, except bad colds, and they are very common.

We had a very sudden death here—old Mother Keith, on Thursday last, the particulars of which you have doubtless heard before now. [No we have heard nothing.—Ed. Republican.]

Cross Plains is gradually growing yet there is much room for improvement. We have too much of the so called drug sold here, and it has a peculiar effect upon those who take it. They are sure to want every side of the street at the same time—and I sometimes they feel so happy they shout aloud.

We have two churches, a Baptist and Methodist, and a flattering prospect for two more, a Cumberland Presbyterian and Episcopal, with plenty of room for more.

We want a good school house, and a school of high order. It would do much for the development of the place.

A large and commodious depot is much needed here, where farmers and merchants could deposit their cotton and goods and where they would be safe from rain and theft.

And last, but not least, we want about twenty good tenement houses, which would be readily taken by men that are able and willing to pay a good rent. It would be an excellent investment for moneyed men to make.

In conclusion, suffer me to confess my fault in not complying with your oft repeated request. The only excuse I have is this: The people I work for will not let me do as I would be done by—that is, pay me. Please find enclosed one dollar. If satisfactory please let me know. [We find the \$1 enclosed, which pays you up to 2265—Many thanks.—Ed. Republican.]

I was about to close without telling you that I am going to put up a bell on my racing horse which weighs about 400 lbs.—is about 34 inches in diameter. When I get it up I will let the citizens of Cross Plains, and surrounding country, know when my new day comes.

UNCLE HENRY.

NOTICE.
Members of the Banner Co. Horse Company will meet at the Court House, Monday night Dec. 6th. By order of the Foreman,
S. J. CROOK.

WANTED.—To sell a 25 horse power Steam Saw Mill, in good working order located in a good break of timber in one mile of this place. Will sell on liberal terms. Apply to
W. A. CAMP & Son,
Jacksonville, Ala.

WARNING.
All persons indebted to the estate of L. W. Cannon, deceased, are hereby notified to come forward and make immediate payment to the undersigned and Executor of said estate, and to save themselves from being proceeded against by the undersigned. Admrs. Estate of L. W. Cannon, decd. dec. 4, 1880.—J. L. STEVENSON.

RENTER WANTED.
I am wanting a comfortable two roomed frame house, stack chimney, on the Post farm, 3 miles below Jacksonville. The house is situated midway of the farm near a good spring and there is an outlet to the range from it. I want a renter for third year and fourth on it. It is a good and productive place as all people in the neighborhood are ready to give. Apply to Mr. James J. Skelton, county Treasurer's office, Jacksonville, Ala. nov. 6—J. L. W. GRANT.

SHIP TO SIMPSON & LEBETTER.
Commission Merchants, Rome, Ga. They guarantee satisfaction to their patrons and customers. Large stock of bigging and ties await your orders.

Kerosene advancing, but that kept by Hoyt & Cottrhan at Rome, Ga. is the best quality and consequently the cheapest.

Simpson & Lebetter, Wholesale Grocers, Rome, Ga., have an immense stock of Virginia Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs and every thing else you want in the grocery line.

Go to Simpson & Lebetter to buy your Groceries cheap. You will find them at No. 23 Broad St. Rome, Ga.

H. Y. T. & COTTRHAN, Rome, Ga., sell strictly pure White Lead, Paints, Oils, Colors and Varnishes as low as any house in the trade. They drive their business.

Simpson & Lebetter, Rome, Ga., are doing a wholesale business. They've just got the money to do it with, and are determined to respond to the wants of the good people of this section. Serve your interests by giving them a trial.

You can do no better than to patronize Simpson & Lebetter, Grocers, Rome, Ga. You know them. They are our folks and will deal squarely by you. All orders will receive the promptest attention.

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Narrow Escapes.

Sometimes when I look back over my life, I am amazed to see how the pages of its record are dotted with hair breadth escapes. I escaped the dangers and hardships of the revolutionary war, by waiting until the war had been over about sixty years before I got born. When the Brooklyn Theatre was burned I was in Burlington. When the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans I was in Minnesota and I immediately skipped out for Canada. When I was a boy at school, one day all the boys in school were flogged all round for robbing an apple orchard, and the flogging didn't do a bit of good, for every beggar of them had the cholera morbus all that night just the same. And I? I was attending another school twenty-three miles distant. When all my brothers and sisters were down South in the army, and when I read the letters from home, I laughed aloud to think of my great good fortune, and that I would only have to be shot at once or twice a week instead of having to take medicine three times a day. When a man comes to the office with a little bill, nine times out of ten, I am out. If by some astonishing blunder, I am in, they indeed I am more unfortunate, but the man is in no better luck than before.—Bur-dette in the Harbinger.

We clip the following from the Genesee (N. Y.) Courier of the 19th ult. We note with pleasure another shipment of sheep by Hon. R. Townsend, to the South. Mr. James Crook, of Jacksonville, Alabama, has just purchased from him two of his premium ewes exhibited at the last New York State Fair. It will be remembered that Mr. Townsend carried away the premiums on Merino sheep at our fair over all competitors.

Don't drive a lame horse when you can get Kendall's Spavin Cure for \$1.00, it is worth \$5. Read their advertisement.

A Galveston darkey has returned from a business trip to the interior of the State very much disgusted. "Didn't you receive any offers to pick cotton?" asked a friend. "Yes such as day was. A man offered me one third of the amount I picked, and when I looked at the field I saw for myself that when it was all picked it would amount to one-third, so I left for home." "You was in luck dat day," said the friend. "You bet I was, Sandy. My refectment was all dat sabbid me. I tell yer all, send yer children to school."

ALABAMA, N. Y., Nov. 17.—The official returns from all the counties in the State, except New York, give the Galveston majority of 62,000. New York, as estimated, gives 41,370 majority for the Unionists, which leaves a majority for Garfield in the State of 20,630. The only counties from which protests have been received are Coitland, Lewis, Rockland and Schenectady.

A man who understands what he is uttering says "It is all very well to talk about high wages for American artisans but nothing is said about the high cost of living which a high tariff necessitates, and a decent regard for the interest of the agricultural and general consuming classes would seem to dictate a lowering of the tariff as well as simplifying its present intricate and onerous provisions."

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" thundered a British Columbian Judge to a witness from the mines. "Don't prevaricate, sir." "Can't help it, Judge," answered the miner. "Ever since I got a kick in the mouth from a mule, that knocked my teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal."

It is refreshing to see such a wholesale business built up in our midst as Hoyt & Cottrhan have in Drugs at Rome, Ga. They are reliable and experienced men.

Scene.—A court of wretchedness in a slaughter is going on. In the witness box. Counsel for the prisoner. Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased? No, your honor, he was alive when I saw him knocked down.

HOYT & COTTRHAN, at Rome, Ga. keep a large stock of Field Seeds. You will save freight charges by buying from them.

Ship your cotton to Simpson & Lebetter, Commission Merchants, Rome, Ga. They guarantee satisfaction to their patrons and customers. Large stock of bigging and ties await your orders.

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A NEW THING!

A large and varied assortment of New Goods in stock, and to arrive, consisting of

Paints and Oils,
WINE AND LIQUORS,
For Medicinal purposes, of the finest brands and purest grades.
Groceries,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
Snuffs, &c.

Our prices are low, and our terms are spot cash. We are too poor to sell on a credit, but will sell you cheaper than any one else for the cash in consequence.
Country produce bought and sold. Highest market prices—none refused.
Hoping to see you soon on the West side of the public square, we are respectfully,
BORDEN & ALEXANDER,
Oct. 30, '80—Jf.

WANTED to sell 226 acres of well improved land, one and a half miles West of Anniston, Ala.
For particulars apply to
N. B. SPRADLEY,
Anniston, Ala.
Oct. 16—3t

FOUND.

A Remedy That is Sure and effectual cure for all diseases of the Blood. Skin, Scrofula, Cancer in its worst form, White Swelling, Catarrh, Cancer of the womb and all chronic sores, no matter of how long standing, we guarantee a cure if our remedies are used according to directions.

Smith's Scrofula Syrup and STAR CURINE.

With these two medicines combined we have cured hundreds of cases of the different diseases mentioned above.

SMITH'S SCROFULA SYRUP is an internal remedy, one of the best purifiers known to the American people.

Star Curine is an external remedy; by applying it on the outside and taking Smith's Scrofula Syrup, your case will be easy to cure. If you will call on or address us we will take pleasure in showing you hundreds of certificates from parties living in this State that have been cured of all ailing, that have been cured sound and well by using Star Curine and Smith's Scrofula Syrup. If you are afflicted with any of the above mentioned diseases, do not think your case will be cured without treatment; do not delay; the sooner you get to using our two remedies the sooner you will be restored to health and happiness.

Call on Daniel & Marsh at once, before it is too late, and get a bottle of Smith's Scrofula Syrup, and Star Curine.

Read the following certificates:
Messrs. Daniel & Marsh, 13, Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.
Gentlemen:—This is to certify that we have tried Smith's Scrofula Syrup in several cases of Catarrh, Cancer, Sore legs, etc., and we heartily recommend it to be public as the best, safest and most efficacious blood purifier that can be used for all the diseases for which it is recommended.

Respectfully,
R. HARTMAN & CO.
All communications should be addressed to D. N. ILL & MRS. H. sole proprietors and manufacturers, 13, Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by Johnson & Caldwell, Chulofence, Blake & Dohard, Aracoonchee, Barker & Tolson, Greenville, W. A. Wood, Greenville, J. R. McCain, whole sale agent of Oxford, Raley Jenkins, de Annanville, J. T. Thrash, Oakuskee, Rowan Dean & Co., wholesale agents at Jacksonville, M. T. Moody, Cross Plains.

Walden & Woodward, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Ala.

Will practice in all the courts of the Circuit, and the Supreme Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

ROBINSON WAGON CO. CINCINNATI, O.

This Company have just finished complete shops with every facility of the latest improved machinery, and are prepared to manufacture

STANDARD TRADE VEHICLES,

SUCH AS

Farm Wagons, Spring Wagons, Platform Wagons, Ludlow Spring Wagons, Farmers' Two Seated Carriages, Standard Trade Buggies, Elegant Brewster Baggy, &c.

Send for Designs and Prices, to ROBINSON WAGON CO. Oct. 9, '80—Cincinnati, Ohio.

DON'T FAIL
To insure your Gin Houses with
J. S. KELLY, Agent,
Oxford, Ala.

CROW BROS
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS, &c.

Are just opening their large and varied stock and respectfully invite those desiring to purchase anything in their line to call and examine their

GOODS.
They propose to sell everything in their line at a very short margin, for cash, and hope by push and fair dealing, and a strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Be sure to give us a call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
J. F. CROW & BROS.
Nov. 20, 1880—Jf.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
Calhoun County.
Probate Court for said County.
Special Term Nov. 6th 1880.

This day came W. B. Green, executor of the estate of Eliza A. Prater deceased, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his executorship as aforesaid.

It is therefore ordered by the court that the 6th day of December 1880 be appointed a day on which to examine audit and pass upon said account and make said settlement and that notice thereof be given in the Jacksonville Republican; a newspaper published in said county, for three weeks prior to said day, as a notice to Richard W. Prater of Farmerville Texas, and Hevelon E. Mann and Mrs. L. A. Green of Calhoun County Ala., and all other persons interested to be and appear at my office in Jacksonville, County of Calhoun Ala., on said 6th Nov. 1880, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. W. JONES, Judge of Probate.
Nov 13—3t.

W. W. HARRISON, Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE OVER
CARPENTER'S STORE

JAMES HUTCHINSON, Barber & Hair-dresser,
Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.
If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in most fashionable style, give him call.
Jacksonville. Bpl. 20, 1878

A CARD.

About three years ago we were requested by some of our employees to purchase sewing machines for them. After a careful examination of all the leading machines we were convinced that the "White" was the best sewing machine manufactured, and we bought six. These instantly created a demand for more, and without special effort on our part, the demand has grown so that we are now selling

100 Machines a year and our sales are continually increasing. This is the best evidence of the superior merits of the "White."
WOODSTOCK IRON COMPANY,
Anniston, Ala.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE
White Sewing Machine

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO

54,853 Machines.
NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running, Quietest Sewing, and Best Satisfying Machine

IN THE WORLD.

PRICES, 25 TO 40 DOLLARS.
For Sale by

WOODSTOCK IRON CO.,
Anniston, Ala.

Wagon Shop.
M. E. EZZELLE and Co. are prepared now to do all kinds of work, either in iron or wood, in their line. In the very best style of business. They are first-class workmen, and there is no use for residents of Alexandria valley to send abroad for work or repairs.

Their prices will be more moderate than can be had abroad. Besides they will take extra produce for work, which cannot be hauled to long distances.

Contracts for carpenter work will be taken at low estimates. We will undertake to build cheaper than anybody in Calhoun county. Address
M. E. EZZELLE & CO.,
Alexandria, Ala.

Aug. 14, 3mo.

FRANCIS, COBBS & CO.,
(Successors to T. W. FRANCIS & Co.)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS!

The largest and best selected stock of Carpets and Upholstery Goods in Alabama. Special attention paid to the selection of goods ordered through mail. We sell cheap!
No 9 Market Street,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

NOTICE OF JUSTICES
M. E. Ezelle, the recently elected Coroner for Calhoun County, hereby notifies Justices of the Peace and Notaries Public, that he has qualified for the discharge of the duties of his office, and Justices and Notaries must not act for him, except he fail to appear after notification as by law required.

M. E. EZZELLE.
Aug. 14, 3m.

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Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 2278.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance, \$5.00

Six months in advance, \$3.00

Three months in advance, \$1.50

Single copies, 10 cents

ADVERTISING:

One square, first insertion, 10 cents

One square, second insertion, 5 cents

One square, third insertion, 5 cents

One square, fourth insertion, 5 cents

One square, fifth insertion, 5 cents

One square, sixth insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventh insertion, 5 cents

One square, eighth insertion, 5 cents

One square, ninth insertion, 5 cents

One square, tenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, eleventh insertion, 5 cents

One square, twelfth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, fourteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, fifteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, sixteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventeenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, eighteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, nineteenth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twentieth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-first insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-second insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-third insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-fourth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-fifth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-sixth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-seventh insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-eighth insertion, 5 cents

One square, twenty-ninth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirtieth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-first insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-second insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-third insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-fourth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-fifth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-sixth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-seventh insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-eighth insertion, 5 cents

One square, thirty-ninth insertion, 5 cents

One square, fortieth insertion, 5 cents

One square, forty-first insertion, 5 cents

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One square, sixty-sixth insertion, 5 cents

One square, sixty-seventh insertion, 5 cents

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One square, seventieth insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventy-first insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventy-second insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventy-third insertion, 5 cents

One square, seventy-fourth insertion, 5 cents

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And the melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as the babe she
tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since
lost.
She said, as her tears-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And the melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew
The song which that is cleaving the black
night through—
"Tis a fairy that just then flew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And the melody no one knew;
And the mother, as he sat on his hearth below,
Told to himself, it will surely snow,
As the wind is clear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And the melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,
The wind that sings in the chimney."

Too Much to Ask.

When I was a young man, I entered the
manufacturing house of Bell & Co. as a
clerk.
The position which I held, that of chief
salesman, gave me a knowledge of the
wants of customers, and necessarily brought
me in daily contact with the master me-
chanic of the concern.
This gentleman was a man of considerable
ability and much goodness of heart. We
became intimate—socially, and fast friends.
He was married. His wife was, to all ap-
pearances, an estimable lady—loving and
unselish.

I was a frequent visitor at their house,
their society being particularly pleasurable
to me; and I had reason to believe my pres-
ence equally agreeable to them. I often
thought, that if I had a wife to grace my
home like the one possessed by John Rivers,
I should be contented and happy.

After awhile a visitor arrived at the Ri-
vers' mansion—a sister of the wife.
This sister was younger, fairer, and more
beautiful in every respect than the other. I,
as might be expected, took a great fancy to
the new comer. An attachment sprang up
between us which ripened into love; a very
ardent love, on my part at least. I then
thought that women were little less than
angels, and she the fairest and purest of
them all.

In time I declared my passion, and my
sweetheart gladdened my heart by the ac-
knowledge of feelings similar to my own.
We became engaged.
I need not tell you of the blissfulness of
those days. The charm of life seemed to
have just begun.

In the meantime, John grew discontented
with his position at the factory. His income
was large for a salary man, but its coming
was so regular, and the amount so unvary-
ing, that there was a monotony about it
which did not harmonize with his ambitious
ideas. He threw up his position, and
started a factory of his own. His notions
of business were those of a child; his train-
ing had not been in the proper direction
for success.

He failed disastrously. His wife, in-
stead of extending the sympathy which a
man, under such circumstances, craves,
charged him with imbecility. Her reproaches
were so constant that the poor man
became distracted. The loss of his wife's
love and respect, added to the destruction
of his financial hopes, made him succumb
entirely. He died, leaving his wife nearly
penitent.

The bereaved ones took their loss quite
philosophically—evinced but little grief, I
thought.
I offered them all the consolation in my
power—showed a becoming interest in the
widow's plans for the future—made various
suggestions in regard to positions which
were respectable, and duties light, and the
pay good—all of which advice was kindly
received, but not acted on.

Though Mrs. Rivers, after her husband's
misfortunes, had exhibited traits of character
which would render her, during seasons of
disaster, anything but a congenial compa-
nion, I should, if I had been peculiarly able,
have urged a speedy marriage of myself and
beloved, and offered a home, free from care,
to the widow of my deceased friend; but the
claims of my widowed mother and young
sister could not be ignored, and those claims,
though moderate enough, were sufficiently
great to keep my purse in a state of deple-
tion quite incompatible with the permanent
maintenance of strangers. My resources
were too limited to entertain such a thought
for a moment.

Not so, however, with the ladies. That
as yet unproposed arrangement was the one
of all others uppermost in their minds;
though, I opine, they had no great faith in
its accomplishment, else the change in their
manner towards me would not have been
so marked.

I continued my attentions, of course, to
my lady love; but noticed a great lack of
cordiality on her part; the heretofore freely
given smiles were withheld; and when I put
the question to her, "How soon shall the
happy day be?" she replied, "The day of
our marriage may be hastened, or perma-
nently removed, according to your decision
in regard to a request which I have to
make."

I asked her to name the request, though
I confess I was not without a surmise as to
the nature of it.
She said, "It relates to my sister. Her
welfare is a consideration of more impor-

tance to me, just now, than a matrimonial
alliance with anyone; that is, unless such
alliance should contribute as much to her
comfort as my own. What I wish to ask is,
whether you are willing, in the event of our
marriage, to undertake my sister's support,
and to give her a home—a permanent home
—under your own roof?"

This request, as she termed it, I felt in
no position to grant. The want of delicacy
displayed made me forget that solicitude for
one's kindred is an admirable thing, even
though allowed to outrun one's discretion;
and the bargain like way in which the mat-
ter was broached seemed to rob the subject
of our union of all the tenderness with
which I, in my own mind, had surrounded
it.

I tried to explain to her that I was not a
rich man, but expected to do for her rela-
tive whatever my ability would permit; and
reminded her that if she loved and trusted
me, she might safely leave the matter to
my honor.

But that did not satisfy her. Counting
too much upon the extent of my affections
and not realizing the effect of perjury on
some natures, she pressed me to bind
myself by a sacred promise, or relinquish
any claim which I might fancy I had to her
hand.

The conflict of emotions (love and pride)
made me hesitate for a moment ere I was
ready to reply. When about to speak,
she seemed to divine my answer, and
anticipating it, and raised her hand and
said, coolly:

"I know what you would say; please
consider our engagement at an end."

After a few words of entreaty and re-
proach on my part, and the farewell injunc-
tion, "Go and never show your face again!"
from my amiable friend, I retired from her
presence.

For three weeks following this distress-
ing interview, I was the most wretched
man in the country. The alternate feel-
ings of wrath and forgiveness, of love and
chagrin, to say nothing of the rude awak-
ening which I had experienced from my
blissful dreams, so wore upon me that I
could neither eat or sleep, and became re-
duced to a mere shadow of my former self.

What the end might have been to me I
dread to think, had not a few lines from
her own pen reached me, expressing regret
for what had been said—avowing a love
which could not endure endless separation,
and intimating that a sister's importunity
was the cause of the whole unpleasant-
ness.

That letter calmed the "troubled waters"
of my soul considerably. My appetite im-
proved; I began to assume again the ap-
pearance of a human being.
But I was in no hurry to reply.

My love had received such a withering
that it was in no condition to bloom again
right away; and my views as to the nature
and motives of women had undergone
some change of a change. "Angelica" and
"Sinceritas" were names which had been
replaced in my mind by others less flatter-
ing, but perhaps more appropriate.

Indecision, common to young people suf-
fering from heartache, led me to delay so
long any recognition of her communication,
that the lady eventually thought I needed
another stirring up, and one, too, of a dif-
ferent character. I received, through her
lawyer, notice of a suit brought against me
for breach of promise, and pecuniary dam-
ages for injured feelings, &c.

Strange to what expedients women will
resort, to further ends!
I would willingly have paid the damages,
although I had but little faith in the ex-
istence of injuries; but public scandal was
a thing I dreaded to face; and a legal contest
with a woman—a woman whom I once had
loved, and for whom, perhaps I still felt
a weakness—was highly distasteful to me.
But I had a character to sus-
tain, so concluded to appear as defendant
in the case.

The trial, like the lady herself, was a
mixture of bitter and sweet. The hand of
the widow, as prime mover in the proceed-
ings, was plainly revealed. The symp-
toms of the jury were largely of the fair
tribe (beauty and tears have their influ-
ence), but the evidence was entirely against
her, and she lost the suit.

Subsequent to the trial, I offered through
my attorney, to pay such part of the dam-
ages claimed as I was then able—promising
to liquidate the whole in time. I did not
like the attitude in which I was unwilling-
ly placed, that of an enemy to the cher-
ished friend of my departed friend, and made
this offer to change it, as well as to show
to the ladies that their welfare was a mat-
ter in which I had not ceased to take an
interest. And I had, too, an undefinable
heart longing for the happy days of the
past—a yearning for her who once had re-
ceived my caresses, and a sincere wish to
retain her esteem.

My offer was refused with disdain (the
freak of a woman, or perhaps, the disregard
for once, of the prayers of a sister), and a
verbal message sent to me to the effect
that it was her earnest hope that I should
know nothing but misery for the remainder
of my life.

After the lapse of several years, I was
summoned to the death bed of my not-for-
gotten friend. I found her conscious, but
unable to articulate. She implored
hardly able to articulate. She implored
for forgiveness, and managed to inform me
that her love had always been mine—her
heart had been right, though her judg-
ment wrong.

The sudden revealing of the better side
of her nature so overwhelmed me with
love and grief for her—the only woman
who had ever entered my heart—her help-

less condition so excited my pity, that I
would have made any sacrifice to prolong
her life.

She died in my arms. When I go hence
I shall look for her. I hope she may be
found in that place from whence I, when
I first met her, felt assured she came.

A Doctor's Mystery.

It is not an agreeable sight, the bottom
of a ship's dock at low water, but a
thought of what is hidden in and under the
soft and bubbling mud must give pause to
many a mind. Divers and dredgers only
are familiar by personal contact with the
probabilities of the hidden depths, and their
find may be a watch, a trinket, or what-
ever is liable to fall over the rail of a
human body. But the curiosities of dredg-
ing is the point here. A large steamship
dock in East Boston is being cleaned out,
for the first time in twenty years, and the
many finds in the oozy substance, after it
has been deposited by the capacious mud
of the jawed diver from the scow, are
very suggestive. Dishes of all kinds,
spoons, knives and forks are hooked out
by the hundred, whole and well preserved,
to say nothing of the myriad particles of
broken crockery, scraps of iron and other
debris, which serve only to emphasize the
ordinary imprecation of the dredger as his
strangest happening of all and the most
lucky fish-out of the season occurred re-
cently, one man recovering more than four
dozen pieces of tableware without a crack
or a nick to mar the beauty of their sur-
face—English crockery of the heaviest and
most ornamental description in use on a
first-class passenger steamship. Those
only who have traveled know the care that
is taken on a transatlantic line in table
furniture. Dishes and tumblers, with their
covers, fitting, and in one instance a half-
dozen matched dinner-plates with the com-
pany marks, were found.

How did these valuable finds find their way
over the vessel's sides? No other theory
seems plausible than that of a lazy scullion
committing to everlasting mud what he
is taken on a transatlantic line in table
furniture. Dishes and tumblers, with their
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True to His Word.

The execution of Chester Dixon, con-
victed of murder, at the last term of the
circuit court of the Choctaw nation, took
place recently. Chester Dixon, the mur-
derer, was a young, full-blooded Choctaw
about 17 years of age. He was subject to
fits, during which he often lost control of
himself. He was, aside from this malady,
considered rather a bright boy. Dixon
lived with his mother and stepfather about
five miles from Atoka. Their nearest
neighbors were an Indian known as Wash-
ington, and Martha, his wife. One after-
noon, about a year ago, Washington re-
turned from Atoka and found that a hor-
rible murder had been committed. The
body of his wife lay on the floor of his
cabin in ghastly fragments. The head
was severed from the body, and several
terrible gashes had been inflicted with an
axe. The bloody instrument of butchery
lay beside the bleeding victim. The alarm
was given, and it was discovered that Dixon
was seen issuing from the faded house cov-
ered with blood. He was arrested, but
stoutly denied the killing. He was tried
according to the Choctaw law by a compe-
tent jury. He was found guilty and sen-
tenced to be shot Sept. 10, at noon. He
was allowed to go home from the court-
room unrestrained, except by parole of
honor to be at the court-house at Atoka at
the hour appointed for his execution.
Choctaw laws provide for no appeal, else
his case would have been reconsidered, for
after his conviction he was attacked with a
fit, which proved conclusively that he was
subject to temporary aberrations, during
which, it is presumed, he was irresponsible
for his actions. His attorney during the
trial had not made any such plea, and the
sentence of death having been pronounced
it was unalterable. On Thursday Dixon
came to Atoka with his stepfather for the
purpose of ordering his coffin. He had his
measure taken and gave the orders for the
disposition of his body without the least
appearance of concern. On Friday morn-
ing about one hundred persons, most of
them whites, gathered about the court-
house to witness the execution. Up to
within half an hour of the appointed time
Dixon had not appeared. Our reporter
asked his companion whether there was
not some likelihood of the prisoner break-
ing his parole.

"If he is alive he will be here within ten
minutes just as sure as the sun shines."
Hardly had these words been spoken
when a murmur of "Here he comes" was
heard on all sides, and there rode up a
young fellow, slight in build, tall and
straight, but rather awkward in his move-
ments. Alighting from his pony the boy
approached a little knot of Indian women
who were gathered around a blazing log.
Without giving any attention to those
around him he set down by a stump, and
hanging down his head, he seemed lost in
meditation. Presently a venerable old
Indian approached the boy and spoke to
him in the Choctaw tongue, bidding him,
as the interpreter said, to meet his fate as
became a Choctaw brave; to remember that
nothing but his life would atone for the
crime he had committed, and not to mourn
or expiation grudgingly, but to meet his death
feeling that his people had done justice in
condemning him.

While the old man was talking Dixon
held his head down, but at the conclusion
of the speech he looked up, held out his
hand, and in the hearty grasp he gave the
old man's hand, seemed to imply that he
would not flatter, and he never did through-
out it all. Several men and women then
came up and shook hands with him. He
looked up at each one with a glance of re-
cognition, but never spoke a word. At
11:45 o'clock the sheriff, Wm. Nelson,
brought the boy an entire change of cloth-
ing, which he put on. While Dixon was
dressing for the grave, eager eyes watched
his every motion to discover, if possible,
the least evidence of emotion, but he ad-
justed every button without a sign of
tremor. He then sat down on a blanket
while his mother combed his hair.

The sheriff then announced that the time
had come. Dixon arose and walked to the
spot pointed out by the officer, and stood
facing his coffin. His stepfather said his
right hand, his cousin supporting him on
the left. The same old man who had
spoken to Dixon before now made a mark
with charcoal upon the boy's breast, just
over the heart, and spoke a few words of
encouragement. The sheriff then bound a
handkerchief over Dixon's eyes, command-
ed him to kneel, and immediately there-
after beckoned to the crowd to move back
and kept out of sight. This was Abner Woods,
a cousin of the condemned. Dixon had
chosen him to do the shooting. Abner
advanced, and taking his position about
five paces from the boy, he leveled
his Winchester rifle, took steady aim, and
fired.

The ball went to the mark. Almost
simultaneously with the report of the rifle
Dixon fell forward, uttering a groan, and
died without a struggle. The mother of
the dead took charge of the remains,
which were buried by a few friends. The
entire proceeding passed without a sen-
sation of excitement. Everything was
conducted properly and decorously. As
contrasted with the civilized mode of pun-
ishment the Choctaw method is more
humane, more effective and is more likely
to deter others from capital offenses.

Zitto, the Sorcerer.

Very extraordinary things are related of
Zitto, a sorcerer in the Court of Wences-
laus, King of Bohemia, and afterwards
Emperor of Germany, in the latter part of
the fourteenth century. This is, perhaps,
all things considered, the most wonderful
specimen of magical power anywhere to
be found. It is gravely recorded by Du-
bravious, Bishop of Olmutz, in his History
of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on
occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus
with Sophia, daughter of the Elector Pal-
atine, of Bavaria, before a vast assembled
multitude.

The father-in-law of the King, well
aware of the bride-groom's known predilec-
tion for theatrical exhibitions and magi-
cal illusions, brought with him to Prague,
the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole wagon-
load of morrice dancers and jugglers, who
made their appearance among the royal
guests. Meanwhile, Zitto, the favorite
sorcerer of the King, took his place ob-
scurely among the ordinary spectators. He,
however, immediately arrested the atten-
tion of the strangers, being rewarded for
his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth
that stretched completely from ear to ear,
Zitto was for some time engaged in quietly

observing the tricks and sleights, that were exhibited.

At length, while the chief magician of
the Elector Palatine was still busily en-
gaged in showing some of the most ad-
mirable specimens of his art, the Bohemian
dancer, at what appeared to him the
bunching exhibitions of his brother artist,
came forward and reproached him with the
uselessness of his performances. The
two professors presently fell into warm
debate. Zitto, provoked at the insolence
of his rival, made no more ado, but swal-
lowed him whole before the multitude at-
tired as he was, all but his shoes, which he
objected to, because they were dirty. He
then retired for a short while to closet,
and presently returned, leading the magi-
cian along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Zitto
proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his
art. He showed himself first in his proper
shape, and then in those of different per-
sons successively, with countenances and a
stature totally dissimilar to his own; at one
time splendidly attired in robes of purple
and silk, and then in the twinkling of an
eye in coarse linen and a clownish coat of
frieze. He would proceed along the field
with a smooth and undulating motion with-
out changing the posture of a limb, for all

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 7, 1880.
REPUBLICAN.—To-morrow the Legislature adjourns over until February 1st, and this will be the last letter I shall write while.

The Presidential electors met here last week and cast the vote of Alabama for Hancock and English. Hon. L. A. Dobbs, of DuKalb, was selected as messenger to carry the vote to Washington. Owing to a break in the Railroad Hon. F. W. Bowdon did not reach Montgomery in time to participate in the first deliberations of the electors and Hon. W. P. Howell was chosen to fill his place. The House resolution to raise a joint committee to investigate Federal outrages on citizens of Alabama was practically defeated in the House to day. Mr. Hammond had been named as a member of this Committee by the Speaker of the House.

A bill has passed the Senate making an appropriation of nine thousand nine hundred dollars for purposes of encouraging immigration. I think the House will defeat the measure.

The House defeated some days ago the new legal option law. The temperance fanatics wanted to impose it on unwilling constituencies and hence its defeat. The temperance men by the inauguration of extreme measures have caused a revulsion of feeling against them and they are not now in position to secure the enactment of meritorious measures on this head. The majority of both houses are averse to the enactment of temperance laws calculated to bring the temperance question into our politics, and moreover they recognize the fact that the people of the State send them here to legislate on other questions than the whiskey traffic. The House bill to punish drunkenness was defeated also in the House, partly for the reasons I have stated.

A general bill making it obligatory on the Commissioners of the various counties to make suitable appropriations to secure warmth and comfort of the inmates of jails has passed both houses and is now a law. Hence the special bill introduced by Mr. Hammond for Calhoun county, which has passed the House, will not be reported out of the Senate committee. Both bills are similar in most of the main features.

The Senate to-day passed the general appropriation bill which originated in the House. It cuts down the appropriations to some extent.

The House is still engaged on the Revenue bill. Stringent measures for the collection of the tax may be looked for. The Grand Lodge is in session. I have had the pleasure of meeting many friends from Calhoun and surrounding country who are here as delegates. There is a very full representation I learn.

L. W. G.

One of our intelligent young men remarked in our hearing the other day that we ought not to speak so discouraging of Jacksonville, but should rather, hold up the bright side of the picture in praise. We asked him to tell us what the live men of the place were doing that is worthy of praise. With some confusion and a little shame his answer was—nothing.

If the progressive spirits of the place (?) will bestir themselves and do something to advance our material interests worthy of praise, they will find that we will be no laggard to let the world know it. We admit another truth, to wit: the Republican has been in the past too remiss in its duty of not sounding a note of alarm, and kept sounding it until the Rip Van Winkles awoke to action. But it is not too late yet—if the people will but arouse to action! Jacksonville will arise, Phoenix like, from her ashes and show forth in her grandeur and greatness.

A place is only great and grand as her people are great and grand.

The Recess.

The Legislature takes a recess to-day. It will assemble again on the 1st of February. The exigencies of the situation seemed to demand a recess, and we trust the vacation will not only be pleasantly but profitably employed. It will give ample time for reflection upon the important matters that will engage the attention of the members. We don't not the first of February will bring them together in all respects better qualified to proceed with the public business. They will no doubt complete that business with more satisfaction to themselves and more benefit results to the State and their constituents.

It is but due the present Assembly of Alabama to say that it has achieved a character for devotion to business not surpassed by any of its predecessors. Sobriety and singleness of purpose and discharge of their sacred trusts, have characterized the members from first to last. If but little seems to be done, it is only in appearance, and not in reality. For indeed much has already been accomplished. A great deal of time was necessarily consumed in the elections of United States Senators and solicitors of the several circuits, and the work that has been done, and is doing in the several committees show an amount of industry that is worthy of the hearty commendation which we doubt not they will receive at the hands of their constituents.

We wish them a happy season with the loved ones at home, the prosperous arrangement of all business affairs, and a safe return to those arduous and responsible labors that yet await their "high endeavor."—*Mott: Adv. 8th inst.*

Colonel Robert Ingersoll says that Senator Ben Hill's proposition to kill the Democratic party, provided the Republicans kill their party, is much like the proposal of the rooster to the horse, that they should not stop on each other's foot.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Quorum of Congress Present—Political Gossip. Carl Schurz—Civil Service Can't.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 4th 1880.
 During the past week every train has brought accessions to the congressional delegation, until, at the present time, the representation is nearly complete, and both houses will be opened on Monday the 6th inst., with very few absentees.

Members and Senators, when they can be found in the hotel lobbies and on the avenue, are not averse to expressing their opinion on the political status, but I have observed that political leaders do not much frequent hotel lobbies, and those whose opinions are worth having are the least accessible. After all there is very little to talk about. The election is over; sectional politics is sleeping the sleep of exhaustion; and political sensation may well be postponed until after the 4th of March. Politicians, however, will talk about something, and since the present is uninteresting, they are just now discussing the future, the hypothetical re-election of General Garfield as to the personnel of the coming Cabinet, and of little Billy Mahone as to the side on which he proposes to tip the Senate have left open a boundless field for conjecture and prophecy. Almost every prominent Republican, from General Grant to Private Daboll, has been suggested for a Cabinet position. General Grant, it is asserted, will be offered the portfolio of Secretary of War, if he wants to retain his present position, will not be without influence as potent as his own. General Garfield, it is indeed, under obligations to every member of Hayes's present Cabinet for helpful assistance. As Secretary would say, the "spoiled issues" swallowed the affront hurled at them in the person of Chester A. Arthur, ignored all their civil service professions, and worked like firemen for their party and an office. A more grotesque example of Dutch paradox was never seen, than when Carl Schurz, the great apostle of civil service reform, broke its most essential tenet in abandoning his work in Washington to labor for the party, all the time making civil service reform the burden of his oratorical cant.

General Garfield's hardest task will come when he undertakes to reward his friends, for his friends are by no means friends with each other. The scolding children of political ambition, jealousy, and envy is already slopping over; but this is a mere summer to the ebullition of political and personal self-interest that will inundate Republican political circles (rings) about the 4th of March. For any lack of excitement during the present session, we expect ample compensation in the events that will follow close upon the retirement of Mr. Hayes.

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ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.
 BERNING WOODS IN CALHOUN COUNTY.
 Mr. Harrison, from the committee on municipal and county organizations, reported favorably on the House bill to prohibit the burning of any woods within three miles of any coal-mining grounds of the Woodstock Iron Company, in Calhoun county. The bill was passed.

Mr. Troy offered an amendment, inserting the words "any one who intentionally, maliciously, sets fire to woods." Agreed to. As amended the bill passed.

EXECUTIVE SESSION.
 The Senate went into executive session to consider the message of His Excellency Governor Cobb, nominating John H. Bankhead, Esq., as Warden of the penitentiary.

The Senate confirmed the nomination. STATE APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1881-82.
 Mr. Hargrave, from the committee on Finance and Taxation, reported favorably, with an amendment, on the House bill making appropriations for the operations for the two years of 1881-82. The amendment reduces the amount appropriated for fuel and lights for the year 1881.

The amendment was agreed to. Mr. Saterfield moved to postpone the bill until February 1, 1881. Withdrawn.

Mr. Clanton moved to amend, by striking out the clause appropriating \$1,000 for the recording secretary and inserting that he be paid \$125 per month while actually engaged. Agreed to.

Mr. Troy moved to strike out the clause appropriating \$900 per annum for servants and inserting \$1,030. The effect of the amendment is to pay \$30 per month for servants, instead of \$25 as now paid. Lost.

Mr. Troy renewed the motion to postpone the bill until February 1, 1881, and that 150 copies of the bill be printed for the use of the Senate. Lost.

Also, moved to strike out the appropriation for insurance on the Capitol and furniture therein. Agreed to.

Mr. Roquemore moved to strike out the appropriation of \$150 for keeper of the Capitol. Lost.

Mr. Say moved to postpone the further consideration of the bill until to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and that it be made special order for that hour. Lost.

As amended the bill was passed.

Also, favorably to the Senate bill to amend the charter of the Mobile Omnibus Company. Passed.

HOUSE.
 Mr. Nelson, from the committee on corporations, reported favorably, with amendments, to the Senate bill to establish a new charter for the town of Evergreen, Calhoun county. The amendments were adopted and the bill passed.

Also, favorably, with amendments, to the Senate bill to incorporate the town of Davisville, Calhoun county. The amendments were adopted and the bill passed.

Also, favorably to the Senate bill to amend the charter of the Mobile Omnibus Company. Passed.

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THE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on.
 By jades we do not know.
 Upward He leads us, through our steps
 be slow.
 Though oft we faint and falter by the
 way,
 Though storms and darkness oft obstruct
 the way;
 Yet when the clouds are gone
 He leads us on.

He leads us on.
 Through all the weary years;
 Past all our dreamland hopes and all our doubts
 and fears
 He guides our steps. Through all the
 tangled maze
 Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days,
 We know His will be done;
 And still He leads us on.

And He at last,
 After the weary strife,
 After the restless fever we call life—
 After the dreariness, the aching pain,
 The wayward struggles which have pro-
 vided in vain—
 After our toils are past—
 Will give us rest at last.

Careless Feeding.
 A few days ago a friend sent me word that every day his gava nearly twenty
 pairs of chickens to a lot of "shons,"
 and their stock improved at all.
 Thanks I think is a breed of hogs worth
 seeing. They must be of the shee-ron
 kind. So I called on him, heard him re-
 peat the story, in order to get a better
 view of these marvellous swine. I went
 into the pen, and on close examination,
 found a crack in the trough through
 which most of the contents ran away un-
 der the floor. "Thanks I, here is a type
 of the failures of our agricultural brethren."

When I see a farmer omitting all im-
 provements because of a little cost, sell-
 ing all his farm stock to buy back or
 railroad stock or mortgage stock, rob-
 bing his land, while in reality he is also
 robbing himself, and his heirs, I think I,
 my friend, you have a crack in your hog
 trough.

When I see a farmer subscribing for a
 half dozen political or miscellaneous pa-
 pers, and spending all his time in read-
 ing them, while he doesn't read a single
 agricultural or horticultural journal,
 I think I, to myself, poor man, you have
 got a large and wide crack in your hog
 trough.

When I see a farmer attending all the
 political conventions, and coming down
 liberally with the "dust" on all caucus
 conventions, and knowing every man in
 town that votes his ticket, and yet, to
 save his neck, couldn't tell who is pre-
 sident of the county agricultural society,
 or who the State fair was held last year,
 "unfortunately" come to the conclusion
 that the poor soul has got a crack in his
 hog-trough.—*Empire State Agriculturalist.*

Profit from Hens.
 A correspondent of the Home-
 stead says poultry-keeping is properly
 a branch of farming, and has
 many times been proved to be
 more profitable than any other
 stock a farmer can keep. The pro-
 duction of eggs is very profitable,
 if properly managed. By raising
 early chicks—hatching them out
 early, the pullets will commence to
 lay early and with the right kind
 of feed, will lay all winter. Any
 respectable hen will lay one hun-
 dred and fifty eggs in a year. A
 pullet beginning to lay October 1,
 will lay six dozen eggs by the first
 of February. Before she is eight
 months old she will lay six dozen
 more. The feed for the
 first eighteen months will not
 cost one dollar, leaving a net profit
 easily calculated.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
 Calhoun County.
 Special term, Dec. 9th, 1880.
 This day came John M. Patterson
 administrator of the estate of Nancy Mc-
 Colton deceased, and filed his account
 and vouchers for a final settlement of
 his administration of said estate.

It is therefore ordered by the Court,
 that the 4th day of January 1881 be
 appointed a day on which to examine
 and pass upon said account, and that
 notice thereof be given in the Jack-
 sonville Republican, a newspaper pub-
 lished in said county, for three
 successive weeks prior to said day, as a
 notice to the non resident heirs at law,
 of said estate, and to all other persons
 interested in said settlement, to be and
 appear at my office in the town of Jack-
 sonville Alabama, on said 4th day of
 January 1881, and contest said settle-
 ment if they think proper. Given under
 my hand this 11th day of Dec. 1880.

A WOODS,
 Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
 Calhoun County.
 Probate Court of said County, Special
 Term, Dec. 9th, 1880.
 This day came C. B. Douthett and
 Ellen Sisson administrators of the es-
 tate of C. B. Sisson deceased, and filed
 their account and vouchers for a final
 settlement of said estate. Thereupon it
 is ordered by the Court that the 31st
 day of January 1881 be set as the day
 and time for making said settlement,
 and that notice be given by publication
 in the Jacksonville Republican a news-
 paper published in said county, for three
 successive weeks prior to said day, as a
 notice to all persons concerned to be and
 appear at my office on said 31st day of
 January 1881, and contest said settle-
 ment if they think proper. Given under
 my hand this 11th day of Dec. 1880.

A WOODS,
 Judge of Probate.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.
 Joseph H. Privat Plff.
 vs.
 John W. Journey Deft.

Whereas Joseph H. Privat having
 applied to the undersigned a Justice of
 the Peace for Calhoun County in due
 form of law for an attachment against
 the estate of John W. Journey and ob-
 tained the same also by a writ of garnis-
 hment which has been returned and
 served on B. E. Sisson and whereas it
 appears that said John W. Journey is
 not a resident of the State of Alabama,
 and that his residence is in the State of
 Georgia, Post office, Thompson.

Now the said John W. Journey is
 hereby notified of the pendency of said
 suit and that if the said deft. John W.
 Journey does not appear before me at
 my office at the Court House in Jack-
 sonville Alabama, on the first Sat-
 urday in January 1881, I will proceed
 to give judgment as the merits of the
 cause may demand in the same manner
 as if the said John W. Journey were
 present to answer and defend, and will
 proceed to issue execution as the law
 directs. Given under my hand this 10th
 Dec. 1880.

G. B. DOUTHETT, J. P.

Tax Collectors List. Received.
 The undersigned who collect the fol-
 lowing places at the times mentioned for
 the purpose of collecting the tax for the
 year 1880.
 No. 10 Rabbit Town, Wed. Dec. 1, '80
 16, Ludlow, Thurs. 2
 9, Cross Plains, Frid. 3
 4, Madison, Mon. 4
 11, White Plains, Mon. 5
 12, Davisville, Tues. 6
 13, Centre, Wed. 7
 10, Oxford, Thurs. 8
 14, Anniston, Frid. 9
 1, Madison, Mon. 10
 14, Sals Springs, Tues. 11
 6, Polkville, Wed. 12
 6, L. S. Hill, Thurs. 13
 7, Hollingsworth, Frid. 14
 2, Alex. Hill, Mon. & Tues. 15-16
 3, June Bay, Wed. 17
 1, Jacksonville, Thurs. 18
 I will be at Jacksonville the last five
 days of December.
 D. Z. GOODLETT,
 T. C. Calhoun County.
 Nov. 6, '80—td.

SANTA CLAUS DEPOT
 FOR
 CHRISTMAS
 Holiday Goods
 AT
 H. A. SMITH'S
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
 MUSIC
 AND
 BOOK STORE,
 Home, Ga.

Just opened out an immense stock of
 Writing Books, Work Books, Folio
 Sittings, China and Glass Vases, Motto
 Caps, Scores and Mugs, Fancy Glass
 Inkstands, Stationery, Photograph and
 Autograph Albums, Bibles, Prayer
 Books, Poetical and standard works,
 Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames
 Tin, China and Rubber Toys in great
 variety, Wax Dolls, Games, Silver-plated
 Ware, suitable for wedding and holi-
 day presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies,
 and a thousand novelties.
 Piano's and Organs, of the best make,
 at wholesale prices. Orders by mail so-
 licited. Prices cheerfully given.
 Dec 4
 H. A. SMITH.

PATENTS
 obtained for new inventions, or for im-
 provements in old ones. Caveats, Infringe-
 ments, Trade-Marks, and all patent business promp-
 tly attended to.
 INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN RE-
 JECTED may still, in most cases, be patent-
 ed by us. Send copies of the S. P. Office
 Office, and engaged in Patent business ex-
 clusively, we can secure patents in less
 time than those who are remote from Wash-
 ington.
 We have inventors and modelers at
 work in the Patent Office, and advise
 us of the patentability of your invention.
 Correspondence confidential; fees reasonable,
 and No Unnecessary Patent is taken.
 We refer by permission to the City Post-
 master and to the Superintendent of the
 Post Office, Money Order Division in Wash-
 ington. Personal references, circular, ad-
 vices, terms, &c. on application.
 G. A. SPOON & CO.,
 Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NOTICE.
 A Bill will be introduced at the present
 session of the Legislature prohibiting the
 manufacturing, selling or giving away inter-
 vening liquors within three and one half
 miles of Hotel Church, in East St. to, in
 Calhoun County.
 Nov. 27, 1880—2t W. A. WILSON.

Chas. Lewis in Chancery at Jack-
 sonville, Ala. In this case it is
 made to appear to the
 Geo. W. Lewis, satisfaction of the
 Register by affidavit of Richard B.
 Kelly Complainant Solicitor, that the
 defendant George W. Lewis is a non
 resident of this State, and that particu-
 lar place of residence is unknown to
 affiant, and further that the said de-
 fendant is over the age of 21 years.

It is therefore ordered by the Regis-
 ter that publication be made in the
 Jacksonville Republican a newspaper pub-
 lished in the town of Jacksonville
 Alabama, for four consecutive weeks
 requiring him the said George W. Lewis
 to answer a demand to the bill of com-
 plaint in this cause by Monday the 3rd
 day of January 1881, or in thirty days
 thereafter, a decree pro confesso may
 be taken against him the said George
 W. Lewis.

Done at office this November 11th 1880.
 Wm. M. HANES,
 Register.

NOTICE.
 THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun Co.
 It is hereby ordered by the Judges of
 Probate of said county, that a Special
 Term of the Court of County Commis-
 sioners be held at the Court House of
 said county on Tuesday the 7th day
 of December 1880 for the purpose of mak-
 ing arrangements for taking the census
 within the limits of the incorporations
 of the towns of Jacksonville, Anniston,
 and Oxford. The County Commis-
 sioners will take notice of the above and at-
 tendance required at 9 o'clock a. m. on
 the 7th December 1880. This 25th of
 November 1880.

A WOODS,
 Judge of Probate

NOTICE.
 On the first Monday in December
 next I will sell to the highest bidder on
 the premises all the property belonging
 to the estate of Mary F. Landers, de-
 ceased.

PERSONAL PROPERTY.
 One cow and yearling, six head of
 hogs, household and kitchen furniture,
 blacksmith tools, one wagon and buggy.
 REAL ESTATE.
 Two hundred and forty acres of land
 lying on Olathe creek, eleven miles
 North-west of Jacksonville, Ala. Aban-
 doned. Terms of sale made known on day of
 sale. This November 23rd 1880.
 JAMES P.

[illegible]

PRIMARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 2279.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

L. W. GRANT.

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IN THE ORCHARD.

Mellow lies the sunshine on the orchard slopes

And the purple of the grape and tints of leafy

hills.

The soft, warm haze is tender with a palpating

and a fresh, delicious odor all the dozing valley

fills.

Colors like a prairie in the color of its blossoms

Gleam amid the grasses where the luscious

fruits lie.

And in their cozy places on the boughs, with

tempting faces

Peep and nestle myriad apples, like birds of

dye.

Golden, green and russet, and warm with

scarlet blushes,

Basking in the silent noon upon their perches

among the leaves—

How they glow like royal roses, where the

loving sun reposes.

How they fall from their own fatness on the

crisp autumnal eve.

Apples, fragrant apples, piled high beside the

presses,

And heaped in wain and basket 'neath the

broad-branched, mossy trees,

Can we fairly call him sober—the splendid,

rich October—

Pouring out his sweet and beauty in such

lavish gifts as these?

Children frolicking and feasting on the ripe

ness to the core—

Monarchs of the orchard kingdom, with

every tree a throne—

What are spring days for your praises, or

woodpaths, or the daisies,

To these provinces of sweetness, which, by

right of love, ye own?

Sadly may the aged ponder life's decay and

passage to the grave—

But youth sees no dark omen as the mellow

apples fall.

O children, keep your gladness; may you

have no more of sadness

Than while, romping in the orchards, you

are kings and queens of all!

What John Harding Thought.

"In some things women are so silly and

ridiculous!"

Here John Harding laid down the maga-

zine article he had been reading, and which

had for its theme the apparently inexhaust-

ible one—the follies and shortcomings of

the sex to which he had alluded.

Mrs. Harding glanced from the low she

was fashioning to the solemn face of the

speaker.

"In some things? That is encouraging

enough! I've known such quantities of men

that were silly and ridiculous in so many

ways. What is it now, I wonder?"

Loftily obvious to the quiet sarcasm in

these words, Mr. Harding continued:

"Just look at the way they dress, for in-

stance—

"Oh!"

"Not only devoid of common sense, but

of all artistic elegance and beauty."

"Really, John," retorted Mrs. Harding,

drawing her needle through her work with

so much energy as to snap the thread, "how-

ever silly a woman may be in your estima-

tion, I think they might know how and in

what style to dress."

"They might, I suppose," was the cool

response; "but that they don't is very

evident. Have you read 'Dress as it Relates

to Health and Beauty,' in the last

Monthly?"

"No," responded Mrs. Harding, with a

loss of the head. "It was written by some

man, I suppose."

"No matter who it was written by; it is

sound sense, every word of it. I wish you

further suggestions to make? Your ideas

are so original that they interest me."

"Not at present," returned Mr. Hard-

ing, biting off the end of his cigar he in-

tended to light as soon as he got out on the

steps.

A few minutes later he put his head

back into the room where his wife was

sitting:

"I shall be around with the ponies at

3, Mary. Don't keep me waiting."

Mrs. Harding belonged to that large

class of ladies whose attractions depend

more or less on style of dress, and no one

understood this more clearly than she.

She knew her strong and weak points, and

how to bring out the one and conceal the

other. For instance, she had fine eyes,

hair and complexion, but her features were

rather irregular, her forehead especially

being out of proportion with the rest of her

face, and the form wanting in roundness

of outline. But so skillfully were these

defects remedied by the adjustment of the

hair and dress that they were scarcely no-

ticed, and she was considered by all who

knew her—her husband not excepted—to

be an attractive and very charming woman.

Mrs. Harding spent the greater part

of the morning in the attic overhauling a

chest that had belonged to her husband's

apparently well repaid for her trouble by

the garments fished up out of its dark

depths, and which she carried to her own

room. Out of these she fashioned a dress

very similar in style to the one for which

her husband had expressed so much admi-

ration.

"I hate to disguise myself so!" she

thought, as she straightened herself up

around the tall, thin form making it look

still more tall and thin; "but nothing else

will cure John; and if he keeps on he'll

drive me frantic!"

Taking a round, flat hat, very much in

vogue a few years ago, and whose only

ornament was a ribbon around the crown,

Mrs. Harding went down into the parlor.

She did not have long to wait. Ten min-

utes later John came up to the door, in an

open phanton, drawn by the well known

grays that were the pride of his heart.

Running up the steps, he opened the door

of the room where his wife sat.

He stared at her, for a moment, in dumb

amazement.

"Heavens and earth! Mary, is that you?

I thought it was—I don't know what!

What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have been trying to carry out the hints

you gave me this morning in regard to

dress. I hope it suits you and that you ad-

more its effect!"

"Well, no," responded Mr. Harding,

taking a critical survey of the odd looking

figure before him. "I can't say that I do.

To speak plainly you look like a fright!"

"I must say John," retorted his wife with

an injured air, "that you are very difficult

to suit. I have spent the greater part of

the morning in following the suggestions

you gave me at breakfast and still you find

fault. What is it now I'd like to know!

Here is the unbroken sweep of skirt; the

classic line of the head—I think that is

what you call it. And you surely can not

say that this hat is too high, or that its

simplicity—I quote your words—is

destroyed by any superabundance of flowers,

feathers and ribbons."

Mr. Harding turned very red.

"That is all nonsense, Mary. I had only

three hours at my disposal, and it's now

half past 3. I thought I should find you

all ready."

"I shall be ready in half a minute," re-

plied his wife trying on her hat.

Mr. Harding looked at her in horrified

amazement.

"Do you think that I am going to take

you out in such a dress as that? Why you

look like an escaped lunatic!"

Just here the door bell rang.

"It's Judge Howe," said Mr. Harding,

as he listened to the voice, in reply to the

servant who answered it. "He's come ex-

pressively to see you. For pity's sake up

stairs and put on something decent. I

wouldn't have him see you in that dowdy

thing for any consideration!"

"Will you promise—"

"I'll promise anything!" interposed Mr.

Harding drawing his wife toward the door

which opened into the back parlor, and

through which she disappeared just as their

visitor was announced.

In an almost incredible short space of

time Mrs. Harding entered the parlor where

her husband and their guest were seated,

looking so different that no one not in-

timately acquainted with her would have

recognized her.

Mr. Harding drew a long sigh of relief

as he looked at the pretty, tastefully-attired

woman of whom he had so often spoken to

his friend, Judge Howe, and to whom he

was so proud to present her.

In the gay and animated conversation

that followed, and all the pleasant thoughts

to which it gave rise, he forgot everything

else; not so with Mrs. Harding. As soon

as the door closed after their visitor, she

turned her laughing eyes full upon her

husband's face.

"Now John, let us have a fair and clear

understanding; I want to suit you if it is

a possible thing. Which of these two styles

of dressing do you wish me to adopt?"

"I shouldn't suppose you'd ask such a

question, Mary. Seeing you

the U. S. No mistake about this.
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Our prices are low, but our theme are superior cash. We are too poor to sell on a credit but will sell you cheaper than any one else for the cash in consequence.

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Oct. 30, '80—t.

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*L. W. GRANT.
Oct. 9-17.

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WHOLE NO. 2280.

VOLUME XLII.

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Sweeter than any that ever we heard;
Poems that wait for angel tongues,
Songs that but long for a paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives,
Poems that wait for the lowliest slave,
Down in souls, where the beauties thrive,
Sweetly as flowers in the air of May.

Poems that only the eagles above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives all in letters of gold.

An Awkward Mistake.

Now, Tom don't forget to bring my water-proof down to the station, if the weather is damp or rainy. I shall come up by the eight o'clock train.

I looked up from my books at the speaker, my sister Lottie.

"Very well, my dear," I replied, submissively. I suppose I must come; but, really, if you young ladies learned to be a little more self-reliant in these small matters, it would be better."

"If I weren't sure that you said that to aggravate me, Tom," retorted my sister, "you wouldn't come at all. Some day you'll be glad enough to carry bag, cloak, and umbrella for some fair damsel or other, and won't I tease you then?"

"You do that pretty well now," I ventured to observe. "But excuse me, Lottie, you'll certainly lose your handkerchief if you let it hang out of your pocket like that;"

Lottie drew one of the most fashionable descriptions, and the pocket was certainly more for ornament than use.

"I haven't lost it yet, Tom," was the reply, and I'm not more likely to lose it now. Miss Lottie disappeared, and I went back to my books.

Absorbed by my occupation, the time passed unnoticed, till the chime of a distant clock recalled me to my engagement.

"Half-past six, I suppose," I muttered, and was resuming my work, when it occurred to me to make sure.

I looked at my watch. Could it be correct? Half-past seven! No doubt of it, and I had only just time to reach the station. But stay; what was the weather?

I walked to the window, devoutly hoping as I drew aside the curtain to see a clear, dry night. "Yain hope!" The clouds were gathering, and there was a damp, chill mist perceptible.

I dropped the curtain with a sigh, hastily put away my books, took up Lottie's water-proof from the chair on which she had placed it, and stepping into the hall, put on a loose, rough overcoat and soft felt hat that I owned with a shiver and a gasp.

Eight o'clock struck as I arrived, and I saw, close at hand, a young lady, evidently my sister Lottie, standing at the edge of the road.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "the train was in a little earlier, and Miss Lottie is looking for me."

I was just about to speak to her, when a sudden thought flashed into my mind. As she stood, her back was toward me, and her white handkerchief was plainly visible hanging over the edge of her pocket.

I remembered my caution to her before she started, and exulted at the opportunity of convincing her of its wisdom.

First taking another look at the unconscious damsel to be sure of her identity, I stepped quietly forward, and taking hold of the handkerchief, gently drew it forth.

As I did so, something fell to the pavement with a sharp metallic sound. This startled the young lady, and she turned with a slight exclamation.

Good heavens, it was a perfect stranger! For a moment I was speechless; then, recovering myself a little, was about to stammer forth an apology, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said:

"Now, my man, you're caught this time, and no mistake!"

And looking round, I saw a policeman at my side.

This unexpected salutation gave a sudden turn to my feelings.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" I exclaimed, indignantly, while the lady looked from one to another in amazement.

a miscellaneous crowd, who indulged in a variety of remarks on my appearance and demeanor, we reached the station.

The charge was preferred at the station, and the sergeant, turning to me, asked what I had to say.

I gave an account of the whole affair. He heard me very quietly, and, without taking any notice of my demand to be released, then turned to the young lady.

She gave her name as Margaret Lindsay, and having related her share in the matter (with evident discomfort at finding herself in so unpleasant a position), concluded by expressing her conviction it was all a mistake.

"Well, Mr. Henderson," said the sergeant, "I must detain you while I send to the address you have given, and it will simplify matters if Miss Lindsay will be good enough to remain for a short time. We shall then no doubt be able to settle this unpleasant affair."

"About a quarter of eight," said the policeman who still lingered near the door, "show this lady into the other room."

I followed my original captor, while my fair companion disappeared through open doorway close at hand, which, as I passed it, afforded me a glimpse of a snug room within.

For my own part, I was by no means charmed with No. 3.

It might, by a stretch of imagination, have been called a room, but had a wonderful resemblance to a cell, constructed on a somewhat larger scale than usual.

Here Mr. Jones left me, closing the door carefully after him. I seldom saw him pass so wearily. About a quarter of eight, he eluded, and there came suddenly a noise of cab wheels, a hasty rush of footsteps and sound of voices in the outer room. I listened intently, and recognized Lottie's tones, mingled with, and now and then overpowered by, those of our overbearing parent.

At this moment, my door was opened by Mr. Jones, in whose manner was an obvious mingling of discomfort and apprehension.

I passed hastily, leaving his muttered appeal to me, "not to be heard on a man," unheeded, and entered the room where the others were assembled.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Lottie, running up to me, "what a dreadful plight you've been in! and all my fault!" she added, in a piteous tone. "The train was in early, and I didn't see you just outside the station, so I went straight home, I'm so sorry!"

My father started to abuse the officer. "My dear sir," began the sergeant, blandly, but my irate parent would not be checked.

"In former days, sir, the police were men, and had brains, and used them now they're machines, like that fellow there!" And he glared wrathfully at Policeman Jones, who had shrunk as much out of sight as possible in the corner of the room.

"My subordinate," remarked the sergeant, "only did his duty in acting as he has done. Here Policeman Jones brightened considerably. 'This is a case of the kind as so frequent, that we are compelled to exercise all possible vigilance, and as a man of the world, sir, you will readily admit that it would not do for us to be guided by the apparent outward respectability of the accused, when such respectability often serves as a cloak for nefarious practices.'"

This was so obvious as to be undeniable, and my father consequently relieved his irritation, which had only partially subsided, by attacking me.

"And why on earth couldn't you be more careful, Tom, instead of making a fool of yourself in that fashion? I can't see much likeness between Miss Lindsay and Lottie."

I had by this time completely regained my composure, and, bristling with them as usual, I replied, "I will show you, sir," addressed the damsel who had been the innocent cause of my difficulties.

"Will you be so kind, Miss Lindsay, as to turn slightly round, keeping your face away from us and the light. Thank you. Now, Lottie!" And crossing the room to my sister, I placed her in a similar position by the side of our new acquaintance.

An involuntary exclamation burst from my father, and even the sharp eyes of the officials might have been deceived. Standing thus together, in the wavering rays of the solitary gaslight, the resemblance was nearly perfect. In height, figure, and dress they were almost identical, and the curling hair completed the deception.

"It is easy to see how the mistake occurred," Mr. Henderson, said the sergeant; "and I can only again express my sincere regrets at the inconvenience and delay which you have been subjected to."

I bowed in acknowledgment, and we prepared to leave the station, that Miss Lindsay's residence was not far from our own, a second summons was procured, which I managed to secure for her and myself, Lottie and my father returning in the one by which they had come.

Somewhat or other, the ride seemed remarkably short one, and as I said "Good night!" to Margaret Lindsay at her own door, I resolved that it should not be my fault if our acquaintance did not continue.

This resolve I was able to carry out. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and—well, in short, we were married some months ago.

The servants of both households entertained their relatives and friends in honor of the occasion, and among them, evidently in close attendance on Jenny, our pretty housemaid, I recognized no less a person than my quondam captor, Policeman Jones.

Worse than that.

They were talking about the Texas penitentiary as a reformatory institution. One gentleman said that the convict was taught a trade and when released, often became a useful citizen. Gilbooth took the negative side. He said:

"If they come out worse than they went in. If they are sent to the penitentiary for stealing, as soon as they get out they murder somebody. I knew a young man who was sent up for stealing a pair of pants from a house, while drunk. He was released at the end of three years, and instead of having some regard for his lives and feelings of his fellowman, he went right off and—"

"Murdered his father?"

"Worse than that."

"Murdered his father and mother?"

Gilbooth laughed and said: "Ten thousand times worse. He was no sooner out, than he took lessons on the violin."

Rescued by an Indian.

When I was quite young, my father went as missionary to the Indians who lived in what was known as the Red River district. We made the voyage down the river from St. Joseph, Mo., in two canoes, which were drawn upon shore for us to sleep in at night, a bright fire being kindled in front of them to keep off prowling animals.

In this way our little party, consisting of my father, mother, one older sister, myself, and two boatmen, journeyed to the mission station. The station was a long, low, dome building of logs, already occupied by another missionary named McCoy. He had lived, until our family came, without any other companion but a half-breed Indian called Tony.

Supplies were sent to this lonely spot by the board of missions and other friends from the States. These were brought down the river in canoes, and hauled up to the station on a rude sled by a flock of stout oxen.

"One day McCoy and my father had gone to the river for a load of supplies. It was a day's journey to the landing and back. Tony and I were left alone. No one was left at home but mother and our two girls.

The day passed very pleasantly. Toward noon, as we were watching mother about her work, my sister suddenly clapped her hands, and cried out, "Oh, what a big dog!"

We turned to the door, and my mother uttered a cry of terror, for in the doorway there stood, not a dog, but a large black bear.

He was probably drawn by the smell of the sugar and molasses, for bears are very fond of sweets. We were greatly frightened, and could not leave the cabin, because the animal was between us and the door.

As I could have got to the ladder and up the table, we might have escaped that way, but the barrels were in front of the ladder, and so was Bruin. There was really no way of escape, so my mother drew us two children close to her, and took refuge behind the great packing box, where she had been at work, thus putting a slight barrier between us and our unwelcome visitor.

A barrel of crackers was open, and we found out then that bears like crackers, for that fellow soon upset the barrel and munched as many as he pleased, while we looked helplessly on, and saw our luxuries disappear.

But he was anxious to get at the sugar, and soon left the crackers and began to paw about at the sugar barrel, which was not open, and which stoutly resisted his efforts.

He grew angry, and, with a fierce growl, gave a smashing blow with his huge paw, and lifted his foot for another, when a report from a rifle sounded in our ears, and we heard the ping of a ball just as Mr. Bruin rolled, a huge, woolly heap, on the floor. This sound of his fall followed, and, as my mother hurried out from her refuge, our deliverer stood in the wide doorway.

He was a stalwart Indian, with long black hair streaming half a yard down his back, and a scarlet blanket wrapped around his strong limbs. We children were almost as much afraid of him as of the bear. But all the Indians who came to the mission were friendly, and my mother knew this man.

He was a Cherokee chief called Ma-shoon-tie, which means "the Running Wind."

"Hail! Squaw heap scared!" he cried, with a laugh. "See tracks, track him in!"

My mother told him we were not hurt, and thanked him for shooting the bear, in words which he could understand.

"Hail! Bear much good meat!" said Ma-shoon-tie. "Bear want eat?" you know now on our part."

At my mother's request, he dragged the huge carcass outside the door; but when she told him it was his bear, as he had shot it, he emphatically refused to claim it.

My mother then gathered up a pile of the scattered crackers and gave them to Ma-shoon-tie, who, when he learned that we were so delighted with them as the bear had been, he filled the capacious hunting-pouch at his side with them, and then began to examine the goods which my mother had been taking out of the box when she was interrupted by his bearship.

Among other things there were two or three little cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, printed with figures of cats and dogs and large A-B-C's in bright red. They had been sent to us children, but the great Cherokee chief was so delighted with them that my mother, grateful to him for saving her from a great danger, gave him two of them.

He took them in great glee from my sister's hand, tied one on his streaming black hair, and the other to the end of his ribbon, by one of its corners. Then he paraded before the small looking-glass and admired himself until he was tired.

At length he turned to my shrinking little sister, and said, "Little purpose make Ma-shoon-tie here! Ma-shoon-tie here!"

And, taking from his pouch a long string of brilliant beads made of various colored glass, he threw them over her neck, pleasing her almost as much as the gay little handkerchiefs had pleased him.

An English Farmer of the Olden Times.

The house was small, for in those days farmers did not look to live in villas, and till within the last few years even the parlor floor was of stone flags. Rushes used to be strewn in the halls of palaces in ancient times, and seventy years ago old Jonathan grew his own carpets. The softest and warmest of them were made on the floor of the sitting room as warm and dry to the feet, and that was all the carpet in the house. Just before sheep shearing time, too, Jonathan used to have the nettles cut and strewed round the sheds, and strewed on the floor of the barn. The nettles were strewed up dry, and the wool did not stick to them, but could be gathered easily.

With his own hands he would carry out a quart of beans to the pigs—just a quart at a time and no more, that they might eat every one, and that none might be wasted. So, too, he would carry them a few acorns in his coat pocket, and watch the relish with which the swine devoured their favorite food. He saved every bit of crooked wood that was about the place; for at that date iron was expensive, and wood that had grown crooked, and was therefore strong as well as curved, was useful for many purposes. Fastened to a wall, for instance, it did for a book upon which to hang things. If an apple tree died in the orchard it was cut out to form part of a

A Hackney Coach Driver.

"Business is getting dull in my line," said a hackman in Pittsburg. "I don't make the good hauls that I used to. I suppose, young man, that I have hauled more people of note in that luck of mine out there than all the rest of the hackmen in this town together."

"How is that?" queried the reporter. "Well, I have hauled all the great actors and actresses that have come to this city for the past twenty years. Seems to me that the profession is getting to know me, and whenever I see Lawrence Barrett get off the train I says, 'How are you, Mr. Barrett?' and he turns round and recognizes me. Barrett is a good fare and pays double, so he don't forget the hackman. The last time that he was here I hauled him to the hotel and then to the theatre and when he got out he felt in his pockets and found he hadn't the cent with him. I says 'All right, Mr. Barrett,' and he told me to call at the hotel the next day."

I went round and he gave me the gold piece, Barrett is generous to us hackmen, and always has a kind word or a joke to pass with us. He is not like old Forrest, who is dead and gone. I hauled him down from the depot once, and my front axle broke at the corner of Grant Street."

I thought that Forrest would kill me. He that I thought would sell her dress, then she would look at the horses and she would see it was stylish. Within the last few years, however, she has not been near so particular. She has changed a great deal since those early days. Formerly she would come dancing out in a vivacious, sprightly way, that made her look very pretty, but now when she comes here she walks to my hack with her head down, as slow and demure as a priest. She don't seem to care now whether the cushions soil her dress or not. She always paid me well, and I rate her among my best fares."

I suppose you remember when that old Italian, Salvini, was here? Well, he was a curious fare; he couldn't speak English, and when I started for the hotel would rattle on the window and stick his head out looking at the buildings. He stopped me on Smithfield Street, and pointed to the snookie overland; it was rather misty that day, and he did not seem to understand what I said.

"Focher was a mighty particular man about driving, and would almost always make me drive slow. When he came here to open the Opera House I hauled him from the depot, and he began rehearsing some part in the back and got very much excited. I guess people on the sidewalks who heard him and saw his gestures thought I was hauling a madman. Henry Ward Beecher is a nice fare. I get him every time he comes here to lecture; he always has a kind word and a joke and never gets mad if I get stuck in a crowd of wagons. He always gives me a pass to his lectures."

Theodore Tilton is a nice fare, a sort of a hero, and never would say much to me, I tried to draw him out two or three times when I have hauled him, but he would always tell me to mind my own business. He always said that he gave me the right fare and no more. I tell you what it is, taking them all in all, lecturers and professional make the best fares. I have got so now I can tell as quick as I see my old customers whether times are good with them or not, and while they always pay well, they pay better when they have had a good run of luck."

"I could go over a long list of stars that I have hauled, but these I give you for samples. Clara Louise is a nice fare, a curious fare to haul. Every time I have hauled her she finds something to scold me about. And one time she had a terrible row with Miss Cary in my hack about something. I tell you I expected to see a hair-pulling match, but they quieted down before we reached the hotel. I saw by the papers that Ole Bull is dead. Poor Ole, he was a mighty kind-hearted man. The first time I hauled him I looked a little hard up, and he talked and chatted with me about my business, and gave me a ten-dollar bill. He was a mighty good man, so he was."

Francis Western was a strange fare. She was always beaming with kindness, I hauled her down to the hotel one night, and she told me to wait and take her to the theatre. The front window was open, and she would ask me all sorts of questions about Pittsburg and its people. After she got her supper she came out to get the book, and I told her she had been drinking. She spoke very kindly to me though, and when she got to the theatre told me to keep my hack at the door for her. I told her all right, and was driving away when she called me back and asked me if I wanted to see the play. I told her I could not afford to waste the time, and she said, 'I'll never mind. I'll pay you double.' She gave me a pass and I went in. She played *Leah* that night, and I tell you she played it for all there was in the part. When she came to the 'curse scene' she beat her face on the floor. She was very much excited, and I think I will never see a woman play the part so well as she did. Poor Leah, she didn't live very long after that night."

The Great River of Alaska. Alaskan explorers report one of the longest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers 2500 miles, and 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is twenty-miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as the Mississippi. Indians are everywhere and have been for centuries. There is snow for six months, and without roads, dog sledges and good traveling. Game abounds, and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a team, the old one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it gets on the coast of game it is off and the whole team demoralized. Off they scamper through the woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing the harness and giving him days of hunting to restore the status quo. So vast a country, traversed by navigable waters, will tempt the restless and speculative adventurers to explore it.

It is one thing to be tempted; another to fall.

Extracting Essential Oil. The extraction and concentration of the sweet odors of flowers is an ancient art, and up to recent times the old methods were followed with only small improvements. If the plant was very rich in oil, like orange-peel, the method of "expression"—that is, pressure—was used. If the essential oil was sufficiently volatile to leave its natural home by application of gentle heat, "distillation" was sufficient, and is still adopted. When, as is commonly the case, the heat required for distillation would char the petals or leaves and partially decompose the oil, the distillation was effected with the aid of water, the steam of which carried over the perfume, which was condensed with the water, and afterwards separated from it. Extraction by solution of the resinous matter in alcohol or ether, and slow evaporation with or without water, is applicable to some of the most delicate perfumes that reside closely packed in the cells of flower petals, and are so sensitive to chemical violence that their sweetness departs if they are strongly heated or otherwise coarsely treated. The old method of operating on these was to macerate or soak them in water, and then to separate the essential oil from the fatty oil by agitation with alcohol. The poundages and fat-saves of our grandmothers were the facts thus perfumed directly, and from which the concentrated perfume was either partially or used on all the uses of the alcohol. "Entricage" separated by the most delicate process applied by the old perfumers for obtaining some of their choicest products. They saturated cotton cloths with olive oil, spread these on frames of wire, gauze, sprinkled the buds or petals on them, then piled them in layers and left them, in some cases several days, to absorb the perfume as it rose naturally; or a film of pure fat was spread over a plate of glass, and the buds sprinkled upon that.

It is one thing to be tempted; another to fall.

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How She Cooked His Rice.

Sakti Kumara, the hero of a curious Hindu story, preferred testing a damsel's capability before trying the knot. Master of a prosperous and profitable business, he came to the conclusion that a wife was wanted to complete his happiness, and determined to go in search for one. Adopting the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrying some rice bound up in his cloth, he started on his travels. Whenever he encountered a girl that pleased his eye, he asked her to cook his rice for him. Some laughed at him, some reviled him, none seemed inclined to comply with his modest demand, and it seemed as if he would have to take his rice home uncooked. As he reached Swira, where he beheld a beautiful girl, who, instead of ridiculing or abusing the strange traveler, relieved him of the rice and bade him be rested. Then the kindly maiden set about preparing the rice. First she steeped it in water, then dried it in the sun, and that accomplished, rubbed the grains gently on the ground, removing the awn without breaking the rice. Calling her nurse, she dispatched that worthy to sell the bran, and with the proceeds purchase an earthen boiler, two platters, and some fuel. By the time this commission was executed the rice had been brewed in a mortar winnowed and washed, and was ready to be put in the boiler with five times its bulk of water. As soon as it had swollen sufficiently, the boiler was taken from the fire, the water cleared of the scum, and the boiler put back, and the rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook until she was satisfied it was properly done. By turning the boiler mouth downward she extinguished the fire, and collecting the unconsumed fuel, dispasted the old woman to convert it into butter, curds, oil and tamarinds. This achieved, she told the enraptured Sakti Kumara to go and bathe, and not to omit rubbing himself with oil. Having secured these orders, the wife-seeker was directed to seat himself upon a plank on the well-sweep floor, on which were already laid a large plattain and two platters. His charming hostess then brought him water in a perfumed jug, and administered two spoonfuls of well-seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to serving up the remainder of the rice mixed with spices, curds, butter and milk, of which Sakti Kumara ate his fill, and then indulged in a siesta, with a mind at ease, knowing his quest was ended. As soon as he awoke, he asked the girl to become his wife, and she being willing, the necessary ceremony was gone through with, without delay; and the supposed fortune-teller took his bride home, to astonish her as the Lord of Burleigh astonished his rustic love; but the Hindu lass was luckier than Tennyson's heroine, for we are assured that she lived long to worship her husband as a god, to pay the rites and assist in the household affairs, to superintend the regulation of the family coming in due course, and make her house such an abode of bliss that Sakti Kumara was well repaid for the trouble he had taken to get a good wife, and tasted in his well-ordered home the joys of Paradise.

Business is getting dull in my line," said a hackman in Pittsburg. "I don't make the good hauls that I used to. I suppose, young man, that I have hauled more people of note in that luck of mine out there than all the rest of the hackmen in this town together."

"How is that?" queried the reporter. "Well, I have hauled all the great actors and actresses that have come to this city for the past twenty years. Seems to me that the profession is getting to know me, and whenever I see Lawrence Barrett get off the train I says, 'How are you, Mr. Barrett?' and he turns round and recognizes me. Barrett is a good fare and pays double, so he don't forget the hackman. The last time that he was here I hauled him to the hotel and then to the theatre and when he got out he felt in his pockets and found he hadn't the cent with him. I says 'All right, Mr. Barrett,' and he told me to call at the hotel the next day."

Last Century Hurricanes.

The colonists in Louisiana during the year 1793 were dragging along singlehandedly and miserably a rocky sort of existence, when, on the 11th of September, there burst upon them a tremendous hurricane, which lasted three days. The church, the hospitals and thirty houses in the modest little hamlet of New Orleans were prostrated by the wind. Three ships that were in port were completely wrecked, the crops were destroyed, very few of the edifices on the embryo farms of the colony could withstand the fury of the hurricane, and were swept away like chaff or autumn leaves. The desolation was so widely spread and so intensely felt that that the first impulse of the people in their despair was to quit the colony for ever; and no doubt they would have executed their design if they could have procured means of transportation. A company of infantry that had embarked at Biloxi for New Orleans availed themselves of this favorable opportunity for escape, took possession of the vessel and forced her captain to sail for Charleston, where they landed safely with their arms and baggage. On the 25th of February, 1791, Beauclerk, the French commander at Mobile, gave in a dispatch to his Government the description of a dreadful hurricane which began on the 11th of September, 1790, and which produced very extensive disasters in what was then called the Colony of Louisiana. "The hurricane," he said "was so violent that here (Mobile) it blew down several houses, and among others the edifice which Mr. Bixton had constructed, not only as a store, but as a house of refuge for sailors. Unfortunately it contained all the flour and provisions destined for the subsistence of the garrison. I was obliged to send the garrison a fishing along the coast for the barrels which had been thrown into the water and part of which were staved in. Without this barrel-fishing we should have run the risk of dying of hunger, as our resources were limited to six or eight barrels of flour which were in the fort. "The wind was so furious that if it had continued forty-eight hours, as all hurricanes generally do, we should have been inundated. Fortunately it blew only twelve hours, but with such force that half of Dauphin Island was carried away, and more than three hundred heads of cattle were drowned on the island. We have lost a greater number of them on this coast and at Passacoula. This loss is severely felt by the poor population of this section of the country. The effect produced by the force of the wind is almost incredible. There was lying before the guard-house of Dauphin Island a cannon of four pound caliber. The wind transported it eighteen feet from where it was. This fact is sworn to by all the inhabitants of the island. This hurricane, which lasted twelve hours, began in the night of the 11th of September, and ceased on that day at noon. But although its duration was not long, it caused much damage. To cap the climax there came another hurricane on the 15th of the same month, which destroyed the rest of our resources. This wind, which blew from the north-northeast, and which was accompanied by heavy rain, caused an overflowing of all the rivers from Carolina to this place. The first hurricane was from east-southeast. Luckily these hurricanes did not pass over New Orleans and the adjacent country, where all the crops have turned out to be pretty abundant. Otherwise the whole colony would have been in a frightful condition for the want of provisions."

Diving for Fish.

Every time that a steamer anchors at Aden numbers of little boys swim round the vessel, and dive for the coin pitched to them in the water by the passengers. Their skill is undoubtedly great, but the fishermen of the Nicobars, and a few among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo, are reputed the most skillful swimmers in the world. The men of the Nicobars capture fish by the hand. They glide about in their light skirts, intent watching the translucent water, when they obtain a favorable opportunity, they take a sudden dive straight down upon their finny prey. The fish are generally so startled that they dart hither and thither, now up and now down, without continuing their swift movements in any one even direction. The diver therefore little by little comes within arms' length of them. It is however, esteemed to be but a poor feat to seize and bring up one fish. A man should be able to catch simultaneously two fish—one in each hand. This is frequently done, and the best swimmers think nothing of it. If a man wishes to show his prowess in the water, he chases and kills a shark, often twice as long as himself. To many of the fishermen of the coast of Nether India, shark-hunting in water is somewhat like what fox-hunting is in England.

Curious Facts About Tools.

When we study the construction of our most important instruments we discover to our astonishment that the latter are true copies of some parts of our body, and simply a further completion of them. In the first stone hammer man has unknowingly imitated his forearm with closed fist; in the shovel and spoon we see the forearm and hollowed hand; in the saw we find a reproduction of a row of teeth; tongs represent the closing together of thumb and fingers; in the hook is a bent finger reproduced; the pencil is simply a prolongation of the fore finger; so, we see in all instruments, from the simplest to the most complicated, only an improvement and completion of the human organs; and thus we find that all the inventions of thought of men are directed towards the same aim as that toward which organic development tends.

AGRICULTURE.

MANAGEMENT OF DAIRY STOCK.—The common cows of the country are treated unfairly by writers on cattle generally. Enthusiasts designed to reflect severely and unjustly, are used by those who ought to be honest with the cows that supplied them in infancy with a good and generous supply of milk, cream and butter. The truth is that the so-called scrub dairymen are grades, and very frequently grades from ancestors of right royal blood. In fact, there would be fewer scrubs if the general cow was treated better—housed better, fed better, handled better. These are the elements which help greatly to make up the good and profitable dairy stock for cheese, butter or milk production. If we depend upon the common stock we must weed out the weeds and only cherish and keep the best. A good cow of any breed or breed ought to pay a fair interest on her cost and keeping; otherwise she should be discharged—should be sent to the butcher. Where the dairy stock is raised—and this is the quickest and surest way to enrich the farmer and perpetuate a dairy—only good cows should be raised, and the sire of calves should be a son and grand-son of good cows. The law of selection is potential in results. By this plan we have seen dairies of great excellence from common stock. Common stock is, in such a relation, hardly fair to the improved herd, for indeed, if we have been thorough, every cow in the dairy should be an uncommonly good animal.

MANURES FOR DIFFERENT LANDS.—The coarse manures should generally be applied to the heavy clay, and the light if vegetable matter is lacking. Their fermentation in the soil disintegrates it, and promotes fertility. Usually clay soil has abundance of plant food, but not in available shape for crops. Hence something to bring it into the soil is needed. Concentrated and mineral manure are best adapted to cold and mucky land. Here there is plenty of vegetable mould, but it is not active. Great manures are best adapted to sandy or gravelly soils. Here vegetable matter is always deficient. Some sands and gravels are lacking in other respects also, and in such cases the land is worth little for farm uses. On the land a sand, or better still a gravel that has plenty of lime, potash and phosphates, is the very best land to work because it is always dry, warm and quick; and if it has a somewhat heavier subsoil, it has the ability to endure an unfavorable season better than any other. The best use of a sand or gravel soil is to use it to observe the clover and growth. If a farmer can get a good clover catch every year on sand or gravel, he has the means in his own hand of making it as rich as he wants it.

In the older pastures, blackberry bushes have in many localities become a troublesome pest, and to eradicate them is generally a matter of very unsuccessful effort. An old farmer, who has had his share of bother and defeat, has found a sure remedy. During the winter he mows them down, and if convenient, runs a field roller over them to smash them down. Between the cutting and a dry spell in the early spring, they will accumulate a considerable quantity of leaves and grass which together with the stalks will make a furious fire. As soon as the new shoots make their appearance, turn in a flock of sheep, and as the briars shoot will be exceedingly tender, the sheep will devour them as fast as they appear, and the continued eating by the sheep will eradicate them in one season.

COOKED MEAT FOR FOWLS.—Fowls as well as dogs become quarrelsome if fed on raw meat. Besides, cooking makes it more nutritious. When raw meat is rather harsh and crude, compared with the mild, natural diet of worms and grubs, which are for the most part soft and easily dissolved by digestion. Occasionally, for variety, a little meat may be given raw. Fish, when plenty is more convenient, given raw, because in that state the fowls easily pick every morsel from the bones, and no mincing is required. Candidates for scraps have the advantage of being already cooked, and on that account, as well as many others, they are excellent.

LIVE STOCK.—A little extra feed brings cattle and horses to the beginning of winter in good order. The tops of carrots, beets and turnips may be fed to good advantage, and there is a great deal of sweetness in the October pasturage. When the mud is planted, there will always be soft corn and "nubbins" which are best fed to horses and pigs.

The Indian Boys at Hampton School.

When they first began to make beds, the sheets were either tucked up under the pillows or laid on the outside. One boy was found to have seven sheets, who did not know the proper use of two. "The janitor helped me carry a bedstead into the sitting-room. The boys were called in and seated in a semi-circle, and I began the process of bed-making, the boys grunting and laughing as it proceeded. When the clothes were neatly tucked in and the pillows shaken and put into place, I said: "Now, boys, I will show you how to get into bed," which I did. Then, through the interpreter, I asked who was willing to try it. He had hardly put the question when a boy who had objected to having his hair cut, when he first came, stepped forward. He began where I did and followed every moment, so closely had he observed. No sooner did he finish than there was a stunning applause. He was then asked to show us how to go to bed, and when his head touched the pillow and he drew the clothing up round him, up went another shout.

An Honest Official.

"A bribe!" exclaimed the honest official, starting back, as though stung. "A bribe! to me! Good gracious man! do I look like a man to trifle with my trust! You have grossly insulted me, and I despise you and your venal offer! Stay, one moment," he added, as the timid tourist, alarmed at the storm of indignation he had evoked, was hastily taking himself off in a very "sorry-that-I-spoke" kind of mood, "stay a moment. Don't be in quite such a hurry. Look here!"—and so saying, the honest official lowered his voice and drew nearer to his tempter—"suppose, now, I was such a man as you took me to be, what would you be ready to do?"

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DOMESTIC.

MEDICAL USES OF EGGS.—For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than colloid, and being always on hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil of cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs to enable nature to assume her rightful way over the diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day would be all that would be required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

TO RENOVATE MEN'S CLOTHING.—My husband had a beaver overcoat, for which he paid \$30, which had become so faded as to be scarcely fit to wear. I took some benzine and cleaned the collar; then I took a sponge and dampened the coat thoroughly with water, into which I had previously dissolved a little of the benzine. I then dipped a deep woolen cloth into a canteen of water and wrung it out, and laid it over the coat, then after drying, I washed it thoroughly with soap and water, and then I rubbed it with a dry cloth. It was then as good as new.

TO MAKE LOBSTER CRACKERS.—Mix the flesh of a lobster, season with salt, sugar and a little cayenne. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then the lobster and some chopped parsley, mix with it a little stock and dip the mixture into the flour. Then roll it into little balls, and fry in a little oil. It is a couple of yolks of eggs, and put it by to get cold. When nearly so shape it into the form of crabs, eggs, etc., and roll them in baked bread crumbs. Bake in a pan of oil, and serve with bread-crumbs again, taking care to preserve the shape. After a little time fry them a nice color in hot lard.

TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.—Take them daily from the nest and pick, small and down, in any clean and non-conducting material, like fine sand, sifted coal or wood shavings, and set away in any cool and dry place where the temperature will not rise above 75 degrees, or better, 65 degrees, or 60 degrees. When these conditions are to be attained, preservation in lime water, or salt, is wholly unnecessary, because lime eggs are at least as fresh, because the air being excluded in the low temperature maintained, eggs will keep sweet and sound for months.

LEMON MERINGUE.—Beat the yolks of six eggs with a patent beater until they are thick, add the juice of two lemons and their rind, grated, and a cup of sugar. Cook in a farina kettle. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the whites of the eggs, beaten in a cool place, and stand alone. Line a deep dish with sponge cake; pour in the mixture, and cover all with the beaten whites of two eggs, and four spoonfuls of sugar. Brown in a quick oven. This is a nice substitute for jelly cake.

TURNIP SOUP.—This soup should be made, all but adding the turnips, the day before it is required. Stew a knuckle of veal with an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs in six quarts of water. Cook closely and stew gently in a covered pot for six hours. Then add the turnips, cut in a cool place, and the next day remove the grease, salt and sediment; cut five or six turnips into thin slices and stew slowly in the soup until tender; then add half a pint of cream; thicken with a little flour and butter, and season to taste.

The following simple directions for making durable marking-ink may perhaps be useful, as that which is sold is not always good. Put two pennyworth of the lunar caustic (nitrate of silver) in a glass of water, and add a pinch of gin, and in a day or two the ink is fit for use. The linen to be marked must be first wet with a strong solution of common soda and be thoroughly dried before the ink is used upon it. The color will be faint at first, but by exposure to the fire it will become quite black and very durable.

ANTS.—Red ants may be banished from a pantry or store-room by strewing the floor with a mixture of cloves, either whole or ground. When the ants are present, they will use the former, as not being so likely to get into the food placed upon the shelves. The cloves should be renewed occasionally, as after a time they lose their strength and efficacy.

STAINS.—Remove ink stains from carpets with milk, and afterward wash with fine soap, a clean brush, and warm water. For grease spots use powdered magnesia, fuller's earth, or soda. Sprinkle on the spots and let it lie until the grease is absorbed, then the earth, magnesia or buckwheat until the grease is removed. Time and patience will in this way remove the worst of grease spots.

SUPPER MAIGRE, ALDOR OF BOTOQUES.—Boil six good-sized potatoes; when they are cooked pass them through a sieve; put the potatoes in a stewpan, with two pints of milk, a spoonful of butter, and let it boil; salt to taste; keep stirring it frequently.

When washing fine laces do not use starch at all; in the last water in which they are rinsed put a little fine white sugar, dissolve it thoroughly, and the result will be pleasing.

When the hands are chapped, instead of washing them with soap, employ oatmeal, and after each washing, take a little dry oatmeal, and rub over the hand so as to absorb any moisture.

EGG SAUCE.—Boil three eggs hard, cut them into small squares and mix them in good butter sauce, make very hot and squeeze in some lemon juice before serving.

MUTTON CHOPS.—Sprinkle with vinegar, pepper and salt; dip them in egg, sprinkle with cracker or bread crumbs and fry.

ALUM and plaster of Paris, well mixed in water and used in the liquid state, form a hard composition and also a useful cement.

HUMOROUS.

There may be sweeter music than a mother singing to her child, but it is never heard on earth. True enough, particularly when we hear a robust female of the Emerald Isle, with a voice like a famished hyena, warbling to her little one:

"Go to sleep me baby, shut your eyes in waist, for the image of yer daddy, to be so small."

Arrah, if you don't shut yer two eyes an' stop yer howlin' thish blessed mornin' I'll widge the neck of yer—yer crassh little brat." Yes, it is very sweet.

A lady had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door, that "Mrs. — was not at home." One day John made this reply to a lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to his mistress, she said, "John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home." "Well, John, I hope you did not laugh." "Oh, no, ma'am," said John, "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

They were walking arm in arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a splendid dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heavens and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't it lovely?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming makes much difference, but it doesn't hit her a bit." He chuckled.

"Pa, are you in favor of the Bible in public schools?" asked a youngster, at the breakfast-table. "Why, of course I am," responded the father. "What use you ask such a question, my son?" "Oh! only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never read it at home." The uncle dodged, but he wasn't quick enough.

A fox, in the country, met an ugly steer in a narrow lane, and called out to a farmer in an adjacent field, "See here, Mister, is this your animal?" "Yes," answered the farmer. "Well, he won't let me pass." "Suppose you let him pass, then?" "There isn't room." "Well, then, perhaps he'll toss up with you for it." The fox climbed the fence and made a safe retreat.

An exchange says: "Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves," but it does not say how much sugar you take to a pound of Dutch girl, nor how long you let 'em boil. The recipe for preserving Dutch girls should be published.

"These timber thieves must be checked in their outrages!" exclaimed a member of Congress. "Yes," murmured a number of the lobby, "or who knows how soon they may pounce down here and carry off a lot of wood-headed Congressmen."

A bovish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he: "That's sumthin' in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away: "What?" "Tobacco."

A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here's to the health of the nation, and to the man when all his friends forsake him."

Lately a gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began with "Know one woman, by these presents." "You're wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be 'Know all men.' Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, water, and a black cat, the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

"I'm a census-taker," said he smiling in the doorway. "All right, but you mustn't be inquisitive," said the man of the house, who had immediately arrested and fined \$100, according to law.

"Sir down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," was the impudent answer. "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

"The trouble is," says Caline, the mythical French innocent to who a all platitudes are now credited, "that to be celebrated one must be known."

JOHN B. GOUGH complains of liquor drinking on railway trains. There is a "smash" there pretty often, to say nothing of the conductor's punch.

A WESTERN editor says one hug is worth a dozen love letters, and they cannot be produced as evidence in a breach of promise suit, either.

Yours housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Juao, to let the hen set on them a little longer."

A strong argument in favor of short skirts is that they give plain girls a chance. When the vulgar deers and the face, she often gives to the understanding.

Doctor: "You must drink claret to build up your system." Patient: "Oh, don't ask me to do that, doctor. I am a wine merchant; I know how it's made."

FERNES who wear wigs are unsafe in Missouri. A tornado is liable to come along at any moment and leave them baldheaded.

LAVOURETTE says that there is little difference between the crossing sweeper who wants a penny and a politician who wants a place.

An Omaha bride was married barefoot because her husband's family went that way and she didn't want to accustom.

The first place is a grate thing but an old oyster can punched full of fine holes is a grate.

That woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

M. Marey, the distinguished French professor, has been making exact observations with the pneumograph, an instrument which registers with precision the respiratory movements. Choiseul, the young man belonging to the school for military gymnastics at Painsandrie, observations were made during five months, both after prescribed exercise and during repose. It was found that the number of respirations was reduced from twenty to twelve in the minute, while their amplitude was more than quadrupled. More than this, after five months of gymnastic exercise the respiration became independent of the periods of exercise and rest. Consequently, the action of the diaphragm was made more active, about twice as much blood passed through the lungs with each respiration, and the general health was improved. The machine burnt more carbon and gave out less smoke. These results are of a highly practical character, and show how much the general health is influenced by a proper use of the lungs. At the same time, violent exercise, such as with heavy dumbbells, used with a view of strengthening the chest, is decidedly injurious.

Two Organs.
Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

Wood Products of Norway.—The Building News (London) states that a great revival has lately taken place throughout Norway in all departments of the timber and planed-wood trades, which have suffered severely from a protracted depression. The wood pulp manufacture, however, has fared better, the demand from Great Britain and France being persistently on the increase. At the commencement of the year there were 21 factories at work, the production for the last three years being as follows: 1877, 2,937,700 cwt., value \$78,300; 1878, 3,854,452 cwt., value \$230,000; 1879, 4,000,000 cwt., value \$280,000. Although the production in 1879 exceeded what the previous years, prices were lower, from the great local competition; but as export trade has risen in value, it will very soon favorably influence the price of wood pulp, the more as the English paper makers contracted pretty largely for paper pulp during the winter, to the amount of 2,000 tons in excess of the ordinary demand. The wood pulp made in England contains about 50 per cent of moisture, but the French paper makers prefer having it air-dried, containing only 8 per cent. There are also four mills employed in making millboard from paper pulp. These are used for hand-boxes, and are all sent to England.

"Home, Sweet Home," is much sweeter where D-Bull's Electric Soap, made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., is used; labor, clothes and temper are preserved by its use. Trial shows its merit. Have your grocer get it.

New Process of Embalming.—One of the most simple and effective processes, it would appear, for preserving the dead, has recently been brought forward in Germany. By this method, it is stated, the dead bodies of human beings and animals fully retain their form, color and flexibility continuously, and are preserved in a most perfect and permanent manner.

The liquid used for this purpose is prepared as follows: Three quarts boiling water, one-half ounce alum, six drachms common salt, three drachms saltpetre, two ounces potash and two and one-half drachms arsenic acid; the salts are dissolved in the water, and then there are added two parts of glycerine and one-half pint of wood alcohol. The embalming is accomplished by simply saturating and impregnating the bodies with this composition, from one and a half to five quarts being used for a single body.

"As now improved and perfected, No oil was so clean, Disinfects the skin and scalp, Are cured by CARBOLINE."

Artificial Indigo is now prepared, according to Auerbach's new and successful method, by mixing together and heating moderately one part of crocin, monosulphuric acid, and one part of soda ash, and one-half part of glycerine. Reaction commences at 107 degrees C., and becomes violent, the temperature rising to 200 degrees; much frothing takes place with evolution of sulphuric acid and acrolein. The whole when boiling has been stirred, is poured into water, boiled up and filtered, the residue being boiled out three or four times with dilute sulphuric acid. The mixtures filtrates are allowed to cool, and blue separates in brown crystals; these are purified by mixing with water and adding borax until the solution becomes brownish violet—the blue with the borax forming an insoluble compound. This residue is washed, decomposed with an acid, and the pure blue obtained by this means as a violet sticky paste.

Mrs. Patterson says: "Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are registered to the human system; put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dissipation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe case of dropsy and fever. They are the plus num of medicine."—*Boston Globe.*

A Rare Pharmaceutical Product.—A specimen of the essential oil of aloes has recently been exhibited to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh. This oil is described as a pale yellow, mobile liquid, specific gravity 1.336, and boils at from 200 to 271 degrees C., and though it is pre-eminently the odor of aloes is due, it exists in such quantities that only about two fluid drachms are obtainable from 500 pounds of aloes. In taste and smell the article resembles the oil of pepper, the boiling point of the latter, however, being only about 191 degrees C. Its qualities are presumably aromatic and an spasmotic.

Belm and Wagner. In their sixth issue of the Population of the Earth, which has just appeared, estimate the total population at 1,455,234,450. Two years ago the estimate was about 1,430,000,000. Europe is assigned 319,200,000 inhabitants; Asia, 334,707,000; Africa, 205,679,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,031,300; the Polar regions 82,000; the United States, 48,000,000.

To cough and at the same time to out-talking is impossible. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will reach your case. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The best gift to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; and to the sick, Simmons' Liver Regulator.

"For Derangement of the Liver, for Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Piles, etc., Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator certainly has no superior. It acts like a charm, without debilitating the system. I have tried it thoroughly, and speak what I know."

"Rev. S. GARDNER, Atapulgus, Ga." "Having tested personally and in my practice your Simmons' Liver Regulator, I have found it just the medicine needed as a family remedy, by persons living in a warm climate, and especially by those inhabiting the more malarial districts of Florida."

"J. F. McKNISTRY, M. D., Gainesville, Fla."

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that baldheaded man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before, with a bald-head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was baldheaded before I was a year old."

"Madam, your boy can't pass at half-past five; he's too large," said the conductor of a train, which had long been detained on the road. "He may be too large now," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in.

The waves of a woman's handkerchief have wrecked many a man, and the waves of a woman's hand without the kerchief, have wrecked many a small boy.

Why Wear Plasters?
They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their condition, to purify and restore their proper condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action.—(TRANSCRIPT.)

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.
Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and re-vitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Marsh-mallows and Dandelion, with all the best and most valuable properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Health Restoring Agent on the continent.

No disease or ailment long exists where Hop Bitters are used, as they vary and perfect are their operations. They give new life to the aged and infirm. To all whose employment causes irregularity of the bowels, constipation, or who are afflicted with Appetite, Tonic and Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without introducing any of the dangerous poisons or symptoms of other medicines.

Remember, Hop Bitters do not "druggish" the system, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made. It is a Tonic and Blood Purifier, and is an absolute and trustworthy remedy for all diseases of the system, such as Indigestion, Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc., etc.

MAKE HENS LAY.
An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the poultry in this country are worthless trash. He says that the best remedy for making hens lay is to give them a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says that he has cured many cases of this kind, and that he has seen many of the same results in the case of other poultry.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION, AND PILES.
The remedial management of these diseases peculiar to women has afforded a rare opportunity to the Medical Profession. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the result of this experience, and has become justly celebrated for its many and remarkable cures.

WEAKNESSES PECULIAR TO FEMALES.
Favorable description is a powerful Restorative Tonic to the entire system. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all diseases of the system, such as Indigestion, Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc., etc.

WOMAN.
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